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LONDON, BRIGHTON, AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.

AUGUST BANK HOLIDAY.—THE CHEAP FRIDAY, SATURDAY, and SUNDAY to MONDAY or TUESDAY TICKETS issued to or from London and the Seaside, on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, Aug. 4, 5, and 6, will be available for return on any day up to and including Wednesday, Aug. 9.

BRIGHTON.—Cheap First Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Week-day.

From Victoria 10 a.m. Fare 12s. 6d., including Pullman Car.
Cheap 10s. 6d. First Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Saturday, Admitting to the Grand Aquarium and Royal Pavilion.
Cheap First Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Sunday,
From Victoria at 10.45 a.m. and 12.15 p.m. Fare 10s.

BRIGHTON.—SATURDAY and SUNDAY to SUNDAY, MONDAY, TUESDAY, or WEDNESDAY.—Cheap Return Tickets to Brighton will be issued Saturday and Sunday, Aug. 5 and 6, by all Trains, according to class, from Victoria, Clapham Junction, and Balham; from Kensington (Addison Road), West Brompton, Chelsea, and Battersea; and from London Bridge, New Cross, Brockley, Honor Oak Park, and Forest Hill.

Returning by any Train according to class on Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, or Wednesday. Return Fares from London, 14s., 8s. 6d., and 6s. 4d.

HASTINGS, ST. LEONARDS, BEXHILL, AND EASTBOURNE.

EVERY WEEK-DAY Cheap Fast Trains from Victoria 8.10 and 9.55 a.m., London Bridge 8.5 and 9.55 a.m., New Cross 8.10 and 10 a.m., Norwood Junction 8.25 and 10 a.m., East Croydon 8.30 and 10.25 a.m., Kensington (Addison Road) 9.50 a.m., calling at West Brompton, Chelsea, and Battersea; Clapham Junction 8.15 and 10.10 a.m. Returning by any Train same day.

EVERY SUNDAY Special Fast Trains from London Bridge 9.25 a.m., New Cross 9.30 a.m., Victoria 9.25 a.m., Kensington (Addison Road) 9.10 a.m., calling at West Brompton, Chelsea, and Battersea, from Clapham Junction 9.30 a.m., Norwood Junction 9.15 a.m., and East Croydon 9.50 a.m. Returning by certain Evening Trains same day only.
Special Day Return Tickets, 15s., 10s. 6d., and 6s.

TUNBRIDGE WELLS.—EVERY WEEK-DAY (except Bank Holiday, Monday, Aug. 7), Cheap Fast Trains from Victoria 9.30 a.m., Clapham Junction 9.35 a.m., Kensington (Addison Road) 9.10 a.m.; from London Bridge 9.30 a.m., calling at East Croydon.

EVERY SUNDAY.—Cheap Return Tickets by all Trains from Victoria, Clapham Junction, London Bridge, New Cross, Forest Hill, Norwood Junction, and East Croydon.

Special Day Return Tickets, 10s., 7s., 3s. 6d.
Returning by any Train same day only.

WORTHING.—Every Week-day Cheap First Class Day Tickets from Victoria 10 a.m. Fare 13s. 6d., including Pullman Car between Victoria and Brighton. Every Saturday Cheap First Class Day Tickets from Victoria 10.40 a.m. Fare 11s.

Every Sunday Cheap First Class Day Tickets from Victoria 10.45 a.m. Fare 13s., including Pullman Car between Victoria and Brighton.

PARIS.—SHORTEST, CHEAPEST ROUTE, through the charming Scenery of Normandy to the Paris terminus, near the Madeleine, VIA NEWHAVEN, DIEPPE, and ROUEN.

Two Special Express Services (Week-days and Sundays).

London to Paris (First and second) (First, second, and third). Paris to London (First and second) (First, second, and third).

	A.M.	P.M.		A.M.	P.M.
Victoria	dep. 9 0	8 50	Paris	dep. 9 0	9 0
London Bridge	" 9 0	9 0	London Bridge	arr. 7 0	7 40
Paris	arr. 6 50	8 0	Victoria	" 7 0	7 50

A Pullman Drawing-Room Car runs in the First and Second Class Train between Victoria and Newhaven.

Fares—Single: First, 34s. 7d.; Second, 25s. 7d.; Third, 18s. 7d. Return: First, 58s. 3d.; Second, 42s. 3d.; Third, 33s. 3d.

Powerful Steamers, with excellent Deck and other Cabins.

Trains run alongside Steamers at Newhaven and Dieppe.

SOUTH OF FRANCE, ITALY, SWITZERLAND, &c.

Tourists' Tickets are issued, enabling the holder to visit all the principal places of interest on the Continent.

BANK HOLIDAY, AUG. 7.—CHEAP DAY EXCURSIONS from London. To Brighton, Lewes, Newhaven, Seaford, Tunbridge Wells, Eastbourne, Bexhill, St. Leonards, Hastings, Worthing, Havant, Portsmouth, Southsea, and the Isle of Wight.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—FREQUENT TRAINS DIRECT to the Crystal Palace from London Bridge, New Cross, Victoria, Kensington (Addison Road), Clapham Junction, &c., as required by the traffic.

FOR full particulars see Time Books, Tourists' Programmes, and Handbills, to be obtained at the Stations, and at the following Branch Offices, where Tickets may also be obtained:—West-End General Offices, 28, Regent Street, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square; Hays' Agency, Cornhill; Cook's Ludgate Circus Office; and Gaze's Office, 142, Strand.

(By order) A. SARLE, Secretary and General Manager.

SOUTH-EASTERN RAILWAY.—AUGUST BANK HOLIDAY.

SPECIAL CHEAP EXCURSIONS

BOULOGNE and back. Charing Cross, dep. 1 p.m., Cannon Street 1.6 p.m., London Bridge 1.10 p.m., and New Cross 1.16 p.m., Saturday, Aug. 5, 21s. (first class), 12s. 6d. (third class). Returning from Boulogne at 3 p.m. on Bank Holiday. Cheap tickets will also be issued from Aug. 4 to 7, available until Aug. 12. Charing Cross and Cannon Street, dep. 10.0 a.m., 30s. (first class), 25s. (second class).

CALAIS and back on Bank Holiday. Charing Cross and Cannon Street, dep. 8 a.m., 17s. 6d. (first class), 12s. 6d. (third class). Cheap tickets will be issued from Aug. 4 to 7, available until Aug. 12. Charing Cross and Cannon Street dep. 8 a.m. or 8.15 p.m., 31s. (first class), 26s. (second class). Cheap Saturday to Monday Tickets will also be issued on Aug. 5: Charing Cross and Cannon Street dep. 8 a.m., 22s. (first class), 13s. 6d. (third class).

PARIS and back. Charing Cross and Cannon Street, dep. 8.15 p.m., 37s. 6d. (second class), 30s. (third class), Aug. 2 to 7. Tickets available for 14 days.

BRUSSELS and back, via Calais. Charing Cross and Cannon Street, dep. 8 a.m. or 8.15 p.m., 54s. (first class), 40s. 6d. (second class), 25s. 9d. (third class), Aug. 4 to 7. Tickets available for eight days.

BRUSSELS and back, via Ostend. Charing Cross and Cannon Street, dep. 8 a.m., 10 a.m., 5.55 p.m., and 8.15 p.m. (first and second class only by 10 a.m. and 5.55 p.m. trains). 40s. 7d. (first class), 30s. 1d. (second class), 19s. 11d. (third class), Aug. 4 to 7. Tickets available for eight days.

OSTEND and back. Charing Cross and Cannon Street, dep. 8 a.m., 10 a.m., 5.55 p.m., and 8.15 p.m., 32s. 6d. (first class), 25s. 6d. (second class), Aug. 4 to 7. Tickets available for eight days.

CHEAP DAY EXCURSIONS TO

ROCHESTER, CHATHAM, SHEERNESS, TUNBRIDGE WELLS, ST. LEONARDS, HASTINGS, CANTERBURY, RAMSGATE, MARGATE, DEAL, WALMER, ASHFORD, HYTHE, SANDGATE, SHORNLIFFE, FOLKESTONE, DOVER. From LONDON and NEW CROSS. Fares there and back (third class)—

Ashford	3s. 6d.
Tunbridge Wells	4s. 0d.
Other Stations	5s. 0d.

Rochester, Chatham, and Sheerness, 2s. 6d.

Children under Twelve, Half Fares.

SPECIAL TRAINS for HAYES, BLACKHEATH, GREENWICH, GRAVESEND (for ROSHERVILLE GARDENS), &c.

Cheap Tickets from Country Stations to the Seaside and other Stations.

Various Special Alterations and Arrangements.

Continental, Mail, and Club Services as usual.

For further particulars see Bills, &c.

MYLES FENTON, General Manager.

QUICK CHEAP ROUTE to DENMARK, SWEDEN, and NORWAY.

via HARWICH and ESBJERG.—The United Steam-ship Co. of Copenhagen Steamers sail from Harwich (Parkstone Quay) for Esbjerg every Monday, Thursday, and Saturday, after arrival of the train leaving London, Liverpool Street Station, at 9.3 a.m. Returning from Esbjerg every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, after arrival of 9 a.m. train from Copenhagen. Return Fares: Esbjerg, 53s.; Copenhagen, 50s. 3d. The service will be performed (weather and other circumstances permitting) by the steam-ships Koldinghuus and Botnia. These fast steamers have excellent accommodation for passengers and carry no cattle. For further information address Tegner, Price, and Co., 107, Fenchurch Street, London; or the Continental Manager, Liverpool Street Station, E.C.

SOUTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.—AUGUST BANK HOLIDAY.

For full particulars of the USUAL EXTENSION of all RETURN TICKETS, &c., see Handbills and Programmes.

CHEAP EXCURSIONS will run from Waterloo as under, calling at the principal Stations:—

EVERY FRIDAY, at 10.15 p.m., a Special Cheap Excursion to Exeter, Tavistock, Plymouth, Barnstaple, Bideford, Ilfracombe, &c., the Tickets being available to return on the following Monday, Saturday, Monday week, Saturday fortnight, or Monday fortnight following the day of issue.

EVERY SATURDAY, at 8.10 a.m. and 3.40 p.m., for three (to certain Stations), ten, or seventeen days, to PLYMOUTH, EXETER, TAVISTOCK, Tresmeer (for North Cornwall by 8.10 only), Okehampton, Bude, Barnstaple, Lynton, Ilfracombe, Bideford (for Clovelly), Radstock, Bath, &c.

At 8.40 a.m. and 3.40 p.m., for three, ten, or seventeen days, to ANDOVER, MARLBOROUGH, SWINDON, CHELTENHAM, SALISBURY, YEOVIL, AXMINSTER, HONITON, SEATON, SIDMOUTH, and all Stations between Salisbury and Exeter inclusive.

EVERY SATURDAY, at 10.10 a.m., to Winchester, Southampton West, Brockenhurst, Christchurch, and Bournemouth, for seven, nine, fourteen, or sixteen days.

At 12.5 p.m., for ten or seventeen days, to WEYMOUTH, DORCHESTER, BOURNEMOUTH, Christchurch, Poole, Wimborne, Wareham, Swanage, Lymington (for Yarmouth and Freshwater), NEW FOREST, &c.

On SUNDAY, Aug. 6, Special Cheap Excursion at 8 a.m. for Yeovil, Seaton, Sidmouth, Exeter, Barnstaple, Torrington, Ilfracombe, Tavistock, Devonport, Plymouth, &c., the Tickets being available to return on Monday, 7th, Saturday, 12th, Monday, 14th, Saturday, 19th, or Monday, 21st Aug., by certain Trains. On Bank Holiday a Special late Train for London will leave Plymouth Friary at 10 p.m., Exeter 12.15 midnight, calling at principal Stations. The Cheap Tickets are available by this Train.

For Excursions to Portsmouth and the Isle of Wight, times of Return Trains, &c., see Handbills, which can be obtained at any of the Company's Offices, or by post from the Office of the Traffic Superintendent, Waterloo.

CHAS. SCOTTER, General Manager.

LONDON AND NORTH-WESTERN AND CALEDONIAN

RAILWAYS.

(West Coast Route.)

Commencing Aug. 1.

REFRESHMENT AND DINING CARS

for FIRST AND THIRD CLASS PASSENGERS,

will be run between LONDON (Euston) and EDINBURGH (Princes Street),

in addition to those now in use between LONDON and GLASGOW.

Corridor Vehicles (connected with these Dining Saloons at Preston) will be run between Liverpool and Edinburgh and Glasgow, and also between Manchester and Edinburgh and Glasgow.

	P.M.		P.M.
LONDON (Euston)	dep. 2 0	EDINBURGH (Princes Street)	dep. 12 0
Birmingham	3 35	GLASGOW (Central)	" 2 0
Liverpool (Exchange)	5 50	Preston	arr. 6 17
Manchester (Victoria)	5 35	Manchester (Victoria)	" 7 26
Manchester (Exchange)	5 40	Liverpool (Exchange)	" 7 2
Preston	6 37	Birmingham	" 9 20
GLASGOW (Central)	arr. 10 45	LONDON (Euston)	" 10 45
EDINBURGH (Princes Street)	" 10 55		

LUNCHEON, DINNER, and other REFRESHMENTS will be served en route at the following charges—

LUNCHEONS (served after Departure of Train).

First Class, 2s. 6d. | Third Class, 2s.

Also à la carte at Buffet charges as per daily Bill of Fare.

TEAS (Served from 4.30 to 6 p.m.).

Pot of Tea, Roll, and Butter, 6d.

Other Refreshments at Buffet charges as per daily Bill of Fare

DINNER (Table d'Hôte) (served after leaving Preston).

First Class, 3s. 6d. | Third Class, 2s. 6d.

Passengers to and from Stirling, Perth, Dundee, or Aberdeen, can avail themselves of the Edinburgh and London Dining Car on the journey.

FREDERICK HARRISON, General Manager, London and North-Western Railway.

JAMES THOMPSON, General Manager, Caledonian Railway.

London, August 1893

MIDLAND RAILWAY.—SUMMER TRAIN SERVICES.

THE MOST INTERESTING ROUTE TO SCOTLAND.

GLASGOW, GREENOCK, and the Western Highlands and Islands, through the Land of Burns.

EDINBURGH, via the WAVERLEY DISTRICT (The Land of Scott).

THE FORTH BRIDGE ROUTE TO THE NORTH OF SCOTLAND.

Depart:—	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.
LONDON (ST. PANCRAS)	5 15	5 15	10 0	10 35	1 30	9 15	9 20
Arrive:—							
Dumfries	2 0	...	5 34	6 57	9 33	...	5 27
Kilmarnock	3 20	...	6 49	8 12	10 9	...	6 49
Ayr	4 50	7 43	9 0	10 57	...	8 0
GLASGOW (St. Enoch)	3 55	...	7 25	8 50	10 45	...	7 30
Greenock	4 48	...	8 15	9 52	12 0	...	8 22
Melrose	2 50	...	7 20	...	5 40	...
Oban	1 50	...
EDINBURGH (Waverley)	3 55	...	8 20	...	6 40	...
Perth	5 58	...	10 20	...	8 37	...
Dundee	6 10	...	12 30	...	8 50	...
Aberdeen	8 40	...	10 30	...	11 0	...
Inverness	6B10	...	2 40	...
Stranraer	5 30	...	8 2	9 57
BELFAST	10A35	...	5+50

A—Via Stranraer and Larne (Shortest Sea Passage).

B—No connection to this Station on Sundays by this train.

+ Via Barrow.

SCOTLAND.

NEW AFTERNOON EXPRESS TRAINS,

with FIRST AND THIRD CLASS DINING CARRIAGES,

are now running between London (St. Pancras) and Glasgow (St. Enoch) in each direction, starting at 1.30 p.m. Luncheon, Dinner (Table d'Hôte), Tea, and other refreshments served en route.

WESTERN HIGHLANDS AND ISLANDS OF SCOTLAND.—Tourists from London (St. Pancras) and all parts of the Midland Railway can join the G. and S. W. Co.'s new steamers, also the Columbia, Iona, Lord of the Isles, &c., which sail from the Princes' Pier, Greenock (connected by covered way with the Station), for the Clyde and Western Highlands and Islands. DINING CARRIAGES between LONDON and GLASGOW; THROUGH CARRIAGES between LONDON (St. Pancras) and GREENOCK.

NORTH OF IRELAND, VIA STRANRAER AND LARNE (SHORTEST SEA PASSAGE).

A NEW DAY SERVICE to Belfast, &c., has been established. Passengers leave London (St. Pancras) at 10 a.m., and reach Belfast at 10.35 p.m. the same day, and leave Belfast at 9.5 a.m., arriving at St. Pancras by train due at 10.45 p.m., to which are attached First and Third Class Dining Carriages.

NIGHT SERVICE.—A THROUGH CARRIAGE AND SLEEPING SALOON CAR for London (St. Pancras) is run on the Night Express Train leaving Stranraer Harbour at 8.50 p.m. in connection with the Evening Boat from Ireland, arriving at St. Pancras at 7.35 a.m.

NORTH OF IRELAND (Via Barrow-in-Furness).

The service to Belfast, via Barrow, has also been improved. Passengers now leave London (St. Pancras) at 1.30 p.m. instead of 12.25. The new fast screw steamer City of Belfast has been placed on this service.

ACCOMMODATION, &c.

NEW FIRST AND THIRD CLASS DINING CARRIAGES between London and Glasgow. LUNCHEON, DINING, DRAWING-ROOM, and SLEEPING SALOON CARS by some of the Express Trains from and to London (St. Pancras).

FIRST AND THIRD CLASS LAVATORY CARRIAGES on all principal Midland Express Trains.

FAMILY SALOONS, INVALID CARRIAGES, ENGAGED COMPARTMENTS, &c., arranged on application.

See Illustrated Guides, Time Tables, Programmes, &c., giving full information as to Fares, Circular Tours, &c.

Derby, August 1893.

GEO. H. TURNER, General Manager.



No. 27.—VOL. III.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 2, 1893.

SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6½d.

THE KAISER AND COWES.

The Cowes week is *par excellence* the fashionable event of the yachting season. To enthusiastic yachtsmen, however, the meeting generally offers few attractions beyond the pleasure of taking part in an enormous gathering of the pleasure navy. Two-thirds of the racing season has always elapsed before the Isle of Wight fixtures come round, and, therefore, the merits of the various racing yachts are thoroughly understood long before the regatta of the Royal Yacht Squadron takes place. Still, fashion has long since enacted that to do the Cowes week is the correct thing, and no doubt much of the popularity of the regatta arises from the fact that "doing" the Cowes week does not by any means imply a sojourn on the deep, beyond the time in making the passage to and fro across the Solent. The correct thing is, of course, to lounge about in the Squadron's beautiful grounds—if you can get in—or, should your ambition be loftier than your station, you must loiter up and down with the madding crowd outside the gates of the Castle, always seeming to be on the point of entering. This is the meaning of the word "yachting" to most of those who visit Cowes during the first week in August.

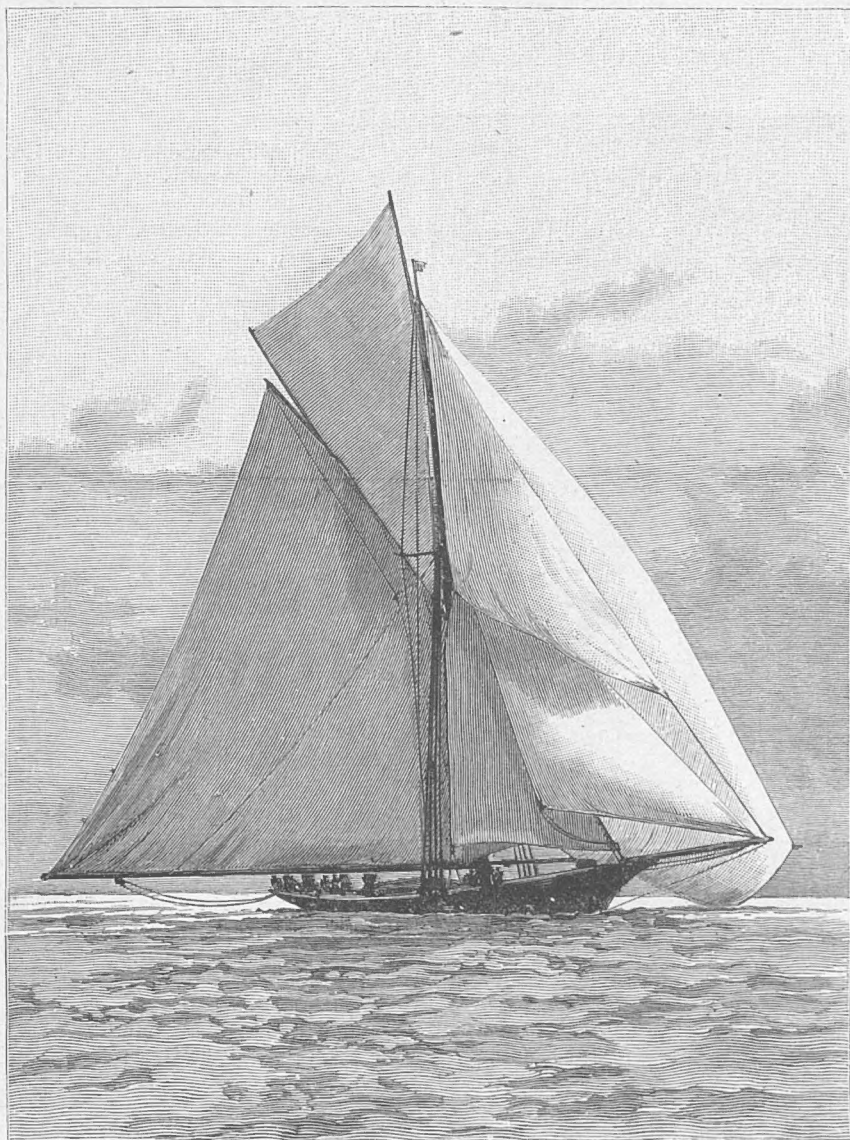
This year, however, the Cowes week is regarded by all yachting men in every part of this country, America, and Germany with the liveliest interest, and the pulse of the *grand monde* is throbbing also at the prospect of rubbing shoulders with the German Emperor and the Prince of Wales. The Emperor has done much for the good of British yacht racing. Had it not been for the fact that last year he purchased the Scotch cutter Thistle (now Meteor), and, with a crack English crew, raced her here throughout the whole season, there would have been no competitor for the Iverna, and, as a consequence, the large class would have broken up. Beyond this, however, the example set by the German Emperor seems to have suggested to the Prince of Wales the desirability of building

a first-class racing cutter to uphold the honour of the flag, and the splendid Britannia is the result.

The Meteor is the handsomest cutter yacht ever built, either in this country or abroad. Her first appearance was in 1887, when, in the hands of a syndicate of Clyde gentlemen, she challenged for the America Cup, and went out to New York for the purpose of sailing in the international races. She was very badly beaten there by the Volunteer, and came back to this country to lay up. Her next foe was the Iverna, which was built in 1889 for Mr. J. Jameson. The races between these two showed that the Iverna was the faster vessel, although at first she was considered to be a failure. After this the Thistle was laid up until the German Emperor bought her, and, after making some slight alterations in her sail plan, raced her continuously with the Iverna last year.

The great attraction of the Cowes week this season is the début of the Navahoe, a new American cutter, built for Mr. Royal Phelps Carroll to compete with one of the British yachts for the Royal Victoria Yacht Club's gold challenge cup, and also for the Cape May and Brenton Reef Cups, won by Sir Richard Sutton's yacht, Genesta, in America, and now held by the Royal Victoria Yacht Club. The champion selected to defend the trophies is Lord Dunraven's Valkyrie. She is by no means the fastest British yacht in anything like a strong breeze. When she was launched it was found that she could not carry her gigantic spars and sails, and she was accordingly docked for alterations. She is built of steel, and her lead ballast was run in on the inside of the keel. It was decided to cut out twenty tons of this inside lead and bolt it on the bottom of the keel outside.

It will thus be seen that



THE KAISER'S YACHT "METEOR."

the Cowes week of 1893 promises to be a record meeting of the Royal Yacht Squadron. The week's racing began on Monday with the Royal London Yacht Club match for the large cutters; on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, the Royal Yacht Squadron keep the ball going; and for Monday, Aug. 7, the Royal Victoria Yacht Club have arranged one of the cup races between Navahoe and Valkyrie at Ryde.

OUR OWN COUNTRY.

The Victoria court-martial has ended just as everybody expected it would do. Captain Bourke has been exonerated. Admiral Tryon's remark to Lord Gillford, "It was all my fault," has been endorsed by the Court, which finds, however, that his order annulling the lowering of the boats was, under the circumstances, a wise one. Though it is regretted that Rear-Admiral Markham did not carry out his original intention to semaphore to Admiral Tryon his doubts, it would be fatal to the best interests of the service to say that any blame attaches to him.

The survivors of the Victoria left Malta for Portsmouth on Saturday on board H.M.S. Triumph. It was a sad parting. The men of the other vessels in the Grand Harbour crowded the decks as the Triumph left, her band playing "Auld Lang Syne."

And now, while the Victoria is done with—officially, at any rate—the mimic war of the naval manœuvres occupies attention. "War" was begun on Thursday evening. The manœuvres this year are of peculiar interest in view of the disaster off Tripoli.

A British training squadron, numbering four vessels, has been visiting Iceland. Although a solitary British man-of-war has looked Iceland up about once in twenty years, this is the first time our Navy has been represented in any force. Need it be said that its reception was a hearty one?

What will England do, now that the Siamese Government has accepted the French ultimatum? There are the provinces on the Upper Mekong which were ceded to Siam by Great Britain. The French claim on these must be the subject of communications.

It may be noted that our China squadron protects the Gulf of Siam. Next to our Mediterranean squadron, it is the largest fleet we have abroad, consisting of a first-class armoured cruiser, seven cruisers, a screw sloop, nine gunboats, and a swift despatch vessel—nineteen vessels in all.

Miss Dod, the ladies' tennis champion, is invincible. She began to astonish the tennis world when she was just thirteen, when she defeated the then champion, Miss Maude Watson. The All England Championship



MISS DOD.

Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

fell to her at her first attempt in 1887, and she has never been deprived of the cup, although in 1889 and 1890 she voluntarily stood out of the contest.

The Parliamentary cricket match at Lord's on Saturday was not brilliant. The Opposition walked over, winning on the first innings by 139 runs.

Mr. Ben Tillett told the East India dockers on Sunday that since their union had been formed over £2,000,000 had been added to their wages.

Sir John Gilbert has been honoured with the freedom of the City of London in recognition of his magnificent gift to the Common Council. Rarely, if ever before, has an artist been so honoured.

The Speaker's niece, Miss Peel, is on board the Arctic steam yacht Blencathra, which left Appledore last week, to return with the latest tidings of Dr. Nansen.

The Balfour bubbles have long since burst, but the causes of the collapse are still being inquired into in the unromantic depths of the Bankruptcy Court. Convict Wright had a brief glimpse of freedom last week, when he had to explain all about his "little lot," and other witnesses have been trying to unravel the skein of the Lands Allotment Company. Absolute confidence in Jabez has been the keynote of the evidence.

Individualism runs its head against the wall of the law in vain. Even the Hon. Auberon Herbert has found this out, for he has been fined 15s. for illegal fishing at Pixton Park, the property of his aunt, the Countess of Carnarvon.

A tunnel is a tenement. That is the decision of the House of Lords in the case where the Metropolitan Railway Company disputed the question of liability to assessment with regard to their tunnel in the Minories.

A pretty, dark-eyed Jewish Juliet came before Mr. Denman at the South-Western Police Court last week for advice. She loves, but her Romeo is a Gentile, and her family discountenance him. What can poor Juliet do? She does not even know her age, so Mr. Denman was unable to play the Solomon. The Hebrew maiden left disconsolate.

A big mining disaster invariably causes a pathetic flutter from end to end of the country at the time of its occurrence, but few people remember the suffering it entails. One society alone, the Central Association for Dealing with Distress caused by Mining Accidents, gave annuities last year to 2612 widows and 4008 children, while the cases of disablement relieved was 38,329. The name of the association may be long, but its purse must be longer.

One often wonders why, having various well-known brands of champagne, brandy, whisky, &c., that there are not also equally well-known brands of claret and Burgundy wines at moderate prices upon which one can depend for quality on account of the names they bear. It will be found, however, that the firm of Messrs. Arnold, Perrett, and Co., of 7A, Lower Belgrave Street, S.W., are introducing and offering to the public some excellent wines of either kind at popular prices, which can be confidently recommended to the lovers of the red wines of fair France. Their Château des Graves at 18s. the dozen and Château la Marnière at 21s., both 1888 vintage, one will find almost unequalled wines at the price; while of their Burgundies, the Clos de la Grotte at 21s. and Clos de Beau Repaire at 24s. should be great boons to invalids and delicate persons whose strength requires to be sustained by wine of a nourishing and digestible character. Messrs. Arnold, Perrett, and Co. should have an enormous demand for their wines, and one that will be well sustained.

BLACKHEATH.—Delightfully situated, handsome, spacious, compact, detached, well-built, and drained, modern (no basement), FREEHOLD Villa, or suburban Mansion, with two Tennis Courts at rear; only £3450; bulk of money can remain at a low rate of interest. Rental £200 per annum. Write for photo, &c., to Mr. Suter, 6, Eastcombe Terrace, Blackheath.

GREAT NORTHERN, NORTH-EASTERN, AND NORTH BRITISH RAILWAYS.

EAST COAST "EXPRESS" ROUTE BETWEEN ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND.

FIRST AND THIRD CLASS CORRIDOR DINING CARS are run on the up and down Express Trains which leave London (King's Cross) and Edinburgh respectively at 2.30 p.m. as below—

	P.M.		P.M.
LONDON (King's Cross) ... dep.	2 30	EDINBURGH ... dep.	2 30
Nottingham ...	4 0	Berwick ...	3 50
Grantham ...	4 37	Newcastle ...	5 15
York ...	6 25	Darlington ...	6 1
Thirsk ...	6 55	Thirsk ...	6 33
Darlington ...	7 27	York ...	7 10
Newcastle ...	8 19	Doncaster ...	7 52
Berwick ...	9 44	Newark ...	8 38
EDINBURGH ... arr.	11 0	Grantham ...	9 1
Passengers for stations south of Darlington will not be conveyed by the train which leaves London at 2.30 p.m.		Peterborough ...	9 38
		LONDON (King's Cross) ... arr.	11 10

HENRY OAKLEY, General Manager, Great Northern Railway.
GEORGE S. GIBB, General Manager, North-Eastern Railway.
J. CONACHER, General Manager, North British Railway.

August 1893.

ADDITIONAL EXPRESS TRAINS are run on Weekdays as below, viz.—

	P.M.		A.M.
LONDON (King's Cross) ... dep.	2 35	NEWCASTLE ... dep.	7 0
Grantham ...	4 45	Sunderland ...	7 22
York ...	6 23	South Shields ...	7 0
Thirsk ...	6 58	West Hartlepool ...	7 10
Stockton ...	7 38	Middlesbrough ...	7 42
Sunderland ...	8 30	Stockton ...	8 5
South Shields ...	8 55	York ...	9 25
NEWCASTLE ...	8 55	Retford ...	10 26
		Grantham ...	11 10
		Peterborough ...	11 47
		LONDON (King's Cross) ...	1 25

A First-Class Dining-Car will be attached to these Additional Trains on and after Tuesday, Aug. 1.
HENRY OAKLEY, General Manager, Great Northern Railway.
GEORGE S. GIBB, General Manager, North-Eastern Railway.

August 1893.



"LOVE ME, LOVE MY DOG."

DRAWN BY ROBERT SAUBER.



THE PARLIAMENTARY CRICKET MATCH.

SIGNOR ANCONA.

BEHIND THE SCENES AT COVENT GARDEN.

"The curtain's down, but he's on the stage. Just go down those steps, and push open the door: that'll lead you straight on."

A moment later *The Sketch* interviewer found himself in the presence of the Veiled Prophet—i.e., a genial, bright-faced gentleman, clothed in pure "white samite, mystic, wonderful," but whose speech was *fin-de-siècle* Italian, French, or English, according to what mood, theory, or emotion he wished to express.

"I am thoroughly enjoying myself to-night," he exclaimed; "yet I had to learn my part at terribly short notice, only a week's study." And even as he spoke he glanced affectionately at the manuscript score rolled up in his hand. "Indeed, I do not mind confessing to you that, could I have done so, I would have got out of it—is not that what you say?—for the music is not easy—far from it."

"I believe, Signor, that you are comparatively a novice at this kind of work?"

The Veiled Prophet's white teeth gleamed:

"My stage life is but three years old, but, of course, I always sang. You know baritones are not like other singers: we are born, not made. I am a Tuscan by birth, and I was really brought up to become a barrister; but my friends were always saying I ought to become an opera singer, so, *ma foi*, I took their advice and here I am."

"Did you go through any serious course of study?"

"*Per Bacco!* Yes, indeed, at Milan. Cima, our greatest teacher, was my master, and I made my début at Trieste in '*Le Roi de Lahore*.'"

"Then you sing with equal ease in French and Italian?"

"I could do so, but I prefer Italian—for instance, I am devoted to Wagner, but I always sing *Tannhäuser* in Italian. German requires a special vocal training—h'm—h'm—h'm"—expressively.

"Still, you do not believe that Wagner ruins the vocal chords?"

"Certainly not; I think a singer could not do better than practise the great composer's music constantly. As for myself, I am never so pleased as when singing *Lohengrin*."

"And do you acknowledge any favourite part, Signor?"

"I delight in Verdi's '*Otello*,' but I hear the English do not care much for it. Audiences differ marvellously, especially according to nationality," he observed meditatively. "Here you are appreciative and intelligent to a rare degree. It is easy to see that there are really many genuine music lovers among the Covent Garden public. It is pleasant performing in England for, even if they do not admire, the audiences are always courteous. But in Italy, ah! they are *féroce*, formidable, pitiless! You understand, at home every small child is taught to sing and play, and if they go to the opera and are not satisfied they feel like the wild beasts of the Colosseum deprived of their good,

juicy morsel, and they have the opportunity of hearing so many great singers."

"And do you take the same interest that your feminine comrades do in the scenery and costume questions?"

Signor Ancona nodded his head quickly, and spreading out both his hands with the true Italian gesture, "*Si, si*," he cried. "What do the public see first? Eh! *Quoi?* Why, the scenery and costumes, of course. As much as possible a singer should try to attain an agreeable exterior. Naturally everyone, especially fair ladies, attempt to look always as agreeable and fascinating as possible, but with an actor or singer it is no longer a pleasure, it is a duty; as for myself, I make the most careful efforts and often design my own costumes. Still, my art is everything, the rest nothing. I am not one of those who declare they prefer the acting to the singing, although I believe that every note should be accompanied by a gesture or consequent thought. When I am practising I act all the time."

"And do you spend much time practising, Signor?"

"A certain time every day, but, strange enough, I do not know the piano. I play with one finger like a child when I want to pick out a tune, but of course, I can read off any score at sight," he concluded, smiling.

And then, with a hurried "*Au revoir!*" the Veiled Prophet vanished through the wings, and a moment later his splendid voice could be heard echoing as the notes of a mighty organ through the great Opera House.

A MODERN CAVE OF ADULLAM.

A MODERN CAVE OF ADULLAM.

It is strange to see a new country emigrating its people, yet that is to be witnessed in Australia, where 1500 discontented persons have enrolled themselves for the new colony in Paraguay, while three times that number are expected to follow suit. The new Promised Land is over 700 square miles in extent. The conditions entered into with the Government of Paraguay comprise the settling of 800 families on the land within four years. A river runs through part of it, and a railway to Ascension is fourteen miles distant. Buenos Ayres, the nearest port, will be the market

of any surplus produce which in the future may be found in the granaries of the settlement. The executive authority will be in a director annually elected by a two-thirds majority of adult members. This director will be advised by a board of superintendents also elected annually, or whenever vacancies occur from one cause or another. The minimum contribution to the co-operative fund is fixed at £60. Bushmen and their families are preferred, and of those now enrolled a large majority are accustomed to country work and life. If the calculations of the projectors of the scheme are realised, the community will be self-supporting in from twelve to eighteen months. Until then the members will be supported out of the subscribed capital of the association. The New Australian will become a wage-earner in all probability, while the children are brought up under the Kindergarten system.



SIGNOR ANCONA.

From a Photo by Messrs. Hill and Saunders, Sloane Street, S.W. Taken by electric light.

HOW TO SPEND BANK HOLIDAY.

If the Londoner stays in town on Bank Holiday it will not be for lack of many facilities to get out of it. The railway companies have, as usual, seized the opportunity to meet the heavy demands on them by giving special tours at cheap fares.

By the Brighton and South Coast Railway Company, a fourteen-day excursion to Paris by the picturesque route, through the charming scenery of Normandy, via Dieppe and Rouen, will be run from London by the special day express service on Saturday, and also by the fixed night express service from to-day to Monday inclusive. Special Saturday to Tuesday tickets will also be issued from London to Portsmouth and the Isle of Wight and to Dieppe. On Bank Holiday, day trips at special excursion fares will be run to Brighton, Worthing, Midhurst, Portsmouth, the Isle of Wight, Tunbridge Wells, Lewes, Eastbourne, Bexhill, St. Leonards, and Hastings. For the Crystal Palace holiday entertainments extra trains will be run to and from London as required by the traffic.

The South-Eastern Company grants fourteen-day tickets to Paris, issued from to-day until Monday, and eight-day tickets to Brussels, via Calais and via Ostend, issued from Friday to Monday. A cheap excursion to Boulogne will leave Charing Cross at 1 p.m. on Saturday, calling at Cannon Street, London Bridge, and New Cross, returning from Boulogne on Bank Holiday. Cheap tickets to Boulogne and Calais from Friday to Monday, available until Saturday week, will be issued at Charing Cross and Cannon Street Stations. Cheap Saturday to Monday tickets to Calais will be issued at Charing Cross and Cannon Street Stations on Saturday. A cheap day excursion to Calais and back leaves Charing Cross and Cannon Street on Bank Holiday. Cheap excursions from London and New Cross will run to all the chief stations on the company's system.

The South-Western Company announce special excursions to Exeter, Barnstaple, Ilfracombe, Devonport, Plymouth, and other stations in the West of England, leaving Waterloo at 10.15 p.m. on Friday and at 8 a.m. on Sunday, the tickets being available to return on the following Monday, Saturday, Monday week, Saturday fortnight, or Monday fortnight following the day of issue. On Bank Holiday a special late return train for London will leave Plymouth (Friary) at 10 p.m., and Exeter at 12.15 midnight, calling at principal stations. The cheap tickets will be available by this train. Cheap excursions will also run on Saturday to stations in the West of England, North and South Devon, &c.

The London and North-Western Company announce that to-morrow and on Friday the 2 p.m. train from Euston will convey passengers to Carnforth and north of it. Special trains will leave at 6.25 p.m. for Holyhead and Ireland. On Bank Holiday cheap excursions will be run by this company from London to Birmingham, Coventry, Leamington, Kenilworth, Dudley, Walsall, Wednesbury, Wolverhampton, Leicester, Liverpool, Manchester, &c.

Cheap excursion trains will be run by the Midland Company from London to Leicester, Nottingham, Melton, Birmingham, &c., on Saturday, returning the following Thursday; and to Edinburgh and Glasgow, returning the following Saturday; and tickets for these trains for starting from St. Pancras Station may be obtained on the two days previous to the running of the trains at the above-named offices. For the convenience of the public the booking-offices at St. Pancras and Moorgate Street Stations will be open for the issue of tickets all day on Friday and Saturday. Attention may again be called to the new afternoon dining train to Scotland, and the new day service to the north of Ireland via Stranraer and Larne, while the service via Barrow-in-Furness has been improved.

To those who would cross the Border, the Great Northern Company offers special facilities. On Saturday and Sunday evenings the 8 p.m. express train from King's Cross to Scotland will be specially run. On Friday night, cheap five or eleven days' excursions will be run from London to Stirling, Perth, Dundee, Aberdeen, Inverness, &c. On Saturday, six days' excursion trains will be run from London to Cambridge, Wisbech, Lynn, Cromer, Norwich, Yarmouth, Lincoln, Scarborough, Whitby, &c. On Saturday night, a special excursion for eight days will be run from London to Darlington, Newcastle, Berwick, Edinburgh, Glasgow, &c. On Saturday and Monday, cheap day excursions will be run to Skegness, Sutton-on-Sea, and Mablethorpe. On Sunday night, a fast excursion for two days will be run from London to Manchester. On Monday, day excursions will be run to St. Albans, Wheathampstead, &c. Cheap return tickets will also be issued from London to Biggleswade on Monday. On Tuesday, a cheap day trip will be run from London to Skegness.

The new Great Eastern route via Harwich and the Hook of Holland offers exceptional facilities to passengers who wish to visit Holland for a few days. Holiday-makers leaving London any evening, Sundays included, reach Amsterdam, The Hague, Scheveningen, and other Dutch towns the following morning, and the service is the same for the return journey. Return and tourist tickets are issued at low fares. Cheap tours have also been arranged by the Harwich-Antwerp route, enabling tourists to visit Belgium and the Grand Duchy of Luxemburg, including Antwerp, Brussels, Liège, Spa, Dinant, and the hitherto little visited picturesque valleys and interesting old towns of the Grand Duchy. Passengers leaving on Friday or Saturday reach the Ardennes the next afternoon, returning on Monday in time to reach their homes early on Tuesday. The Great Eastern Railway Company offers, in conjunction with the General Steam Navigation Company, trips to Hamburg.

LAST WEEK'S PARIS.

The great sensation of the last week has been the "démission" of Mlle. Reichenberg from the Comédie Française, where she alleges she has not been properly treated according to her merits by M. Claretie. The latter is in a state of despair, as the clever and charming actress's withdrawal means more than a blow to the house of Molière. M. Victor König, of the Gymnase Theatre, at once came forward, offering an engagement as long as Mlle. Reichenberg likes, at a salary of £400 a month. It is said that this has been agreed upon, and that her first appearance under M. König's management will be in Sardou's "Mlle. Sans-Gêne." Meanwhile, Mlle. Reichenberg is playing for some days at Marseilles with the rest of the Comédie Française company, until she finally leaves the clever party, of whom she has been for so long the bright particular star.

The body of the poor young Duc d' Uzès, who died on June 20 at Cabinda, West Africa, it will be remembered, is to come to Lisbon by the steamer Angola, when it will be brought overland to France.

A most touching ceremony took place in the Prison de la Santé last week. An Anarchist named Bricou was implicated in Ravachol's dynamite deeds, and, being found guilty, was sentenced to twenty years' penal servitude. His mistress, a young woman of twenty-two, Marie Delange, was at the same time arrested, and while awaiting her trial at the St. Lazare Prison their child was born. She was afterwards acquitted, and finally, the other day, by permission of the authorities, she was married to Bricou in the prison. They received the utmost kindness from everybody, and were allowed to breakfast together, in company with Marie's parents. If Bricou behaves well for the next three years at New Caledonia, where he is to be transported, his wife and child will then be allowed to join him; also, if his conduct gives perfect satisfaction, he was told by the authorities, his sentence would be considerably diminished. Bricou was most calm during the marriage service, but Madame Bricou displayed much emotion, it is said.

At a small seaside town between Trouville and Dieppe a great scandal has arisen. It seems that a very handsome woman, of about thirty, took a villa there, and at once began to play the popular rôle of Lady Bountiful. The Mayor and his family became her bosom friends, and could never weary of reciting all her numerous acts of charity and generosity to the inhabitants. The priest was also charmed by her and with the munificent sum she presented him for restoring the somewhat dilapidated church. One day, however, on incontestable authority, it was ascertained that she was a celebrated demi-mondaine. Finding she had been recognised, she decamped in great haste, taking with her the son of the worthy Mayor, a handsome young man of twenty. The infuriated father tracked them as far as Aix, but there lost all trace, and since then has contented himself with offering a small reward for their capture.

At Nice another enormous hotel is being built on the heights of Cimiez, with a magnificent sea view, which is to be appropriately named Riviera Palace. It is expected to be the *dernier cri* in the way of luxury and comfort, and Americans will revel in unlimited lifts—I beg their pardon for having been so vulgar—elevators.

A Madame Crouan, some time ago, was brought up for trial by her husband for having, as he asserted, paid some men to take him out in a boat and drown him, or, failing this, to push him over the cliffs, her motive for this bloodthirsty conduct being to get rid of him effectually, so as to enable her to marry a man with whom she subsequently eloped. Madame Crouan was acquitted of the charge of attempted murder, there not being sufficient evidence against her, but her children, two boys, were taken away from her and placed by their father at a school of the Dominicans at Arcueil. Armed with an order of the Court, the mother went there last week to see them, and, after remaining with them some time, they accompanied her to her carriage, but before anybody could understand what she was doing or stop her she thrust them into the carriage, the coachman whipped up the horses, and off they went at a pace which prevented all hope of a successful pursuit. The police were soon set on their track, but all efforts to trace them have been so far unavailing. It is believed that she has gone back to Switzerland with them, where she has been living since her elopement.

Everybody is delighted that popular Lord Dufferin is back again at the Embassy. Much curiosity is evinced as to why the marriage, fixed for June, between Lord Terence Blackwood and Miss Flora Davis, of New York, has not yet taken place, nor has any further announcement been made in regard to it. It is asserted that the father of the bride-elect, having himself married again and to a young bride, will interfere seriously with the settlements of his daughter.

A marriage is arranged between Prince Scipion Borghese, of most excellent family, but with ruined fortunes, and Miss Vanderbilt, the American heiress, whose *dot* is £5,000,000 sterling.

Another marriage is also announced, that of the Marquis de la Mazelière and Miss Connolly, the pretty niece of the Marchioness of Anglesey.

MIMOSA.



Wedding of Bricou in
the Prison de la Santé
Paris



Carrying the body of the Duke of Uzès to the coast

ALL ABROAD.

The Siamese question has excited Europe, if not Siam itself. Some of the Siamese Ministers, it has been said, have continued their ordinary amusements while French gunboats have hovered in the river, waiting to blockade Bangkok. Meanwhile, the French Press has been as childishly antagonistic to England as it could possibly be.

Before quitting Bangkok, M. Pavie, the French Minister, had a final interview with the Siamese Minister for Foreign Affairs, who informed him that the Siamese Government were astonished at the French Cabinet considering their reply to the ultimatum as a refusal. The rights of Annam and Cambodia, claimed by France, had never, he pointed out, been defined by the French.

The French Minister of the Interior, in order to be informed beforehand of the probable result of the elections, proposes to send emissaries to every province to inquire into the state of the political feeling that exists.

The French Socialist leader, M. Guesde, has issued a manifesto stating that the Labour party have put forward more than a hundred candidates with a common programme for the electoral struggle.

The Belgian Senate in future is to consist of seventy-six members elected by universal and plural suffrage, and twenty-six chosen by the provinces in proportion to population.

The clericals in Hungary are contemplating the formation of a united Catholic party in Parliament. The Pope, it is said, will issue an encyclical on the politico-religious situation.

Archbishop Clement of Tirnovo has at last paid the penalty of the agitator. Once Prime Minister of Bulgaria, he lost all influence in the treacherous part he played in the events of August 1886. At that time he escaped; but his persistency drove him from Sofia to Tirnovo, and his recent seditious sermon has driven him from Tirnovo into exile.

There is a curious strife among the miners of Gran, in Hungary. The older men want more wages; the younger ones are satisfied; and the two have had a riot, in which blood was shed.

The Roumanians in Hungary are becoming disagreeable to their hosts, against whom they have vowed all sorts of things at a recent conference. A lawyer who was returning from this meeting has been violently attacked, and the residences of several Roumanians in Torda have been stoned.

Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria is about to establish a medical faculty at Sofia.

Further failures have occurred in America, and great uneasiness prevails. In the east and west mills and factories are running half time, and banks are refusing even the best paper, except in small amounts.

One ingenious gentleman thinks the crisis heralds the millennium. that the United States is "nearing the sound of the eleventh stroke of the midnight hour." He wishes everybody to re-read the parable of the wise and foolish virgins, "and that right carefully in this connection."

Four high officials have been indicted by the grand jury as responsible for the fall of Ford's Theatre, at Washington, by which several Government officials were killed.

Oh! those South American republics. Nicaragua is in a state of civil war; a rebellion is anticipated at La Plata; and the Provincial Bank at Buenos Ayres has refused to submit to the National decree controlling its operations.

Sir Gerald Portal has effected an amicable and satisfactory arrangement between the Protestant and Catholic parties in Uganda. The Catholics have been granted a further liberal extension of territory, and the Government is to remain virtually in the hands of the King and the leading chiefs, assisted by the Resident.

Sir West Ridgeway has left Morocco for England. During his stay in Morocco he has gained the sympathy both of the foreign representatives and of the Moorish Government.

Yet the success of his mission must be spoilt for Sir Gerald personally, for his elder brother, Captain Melville Portal, who accompanied him, has died.

NOTE.

The Sketch will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the "Illustrated London News" Offices, World Buildings, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, and Brisbane.

THE PLAY AND ITS STORY.

"THE SLEEPWALKER," AT THE STRAND THEATRE.

Everyone is making an outcry about the inability of our sailors to swim, but the Reverend Hatley Hylo, commonly called "Giggy," of course, was not a sailor, never had been even a ship's chaplain. One day, when he was swimming lustily—parallel, I fancy, with the shore—he came upon a lady in a "sea of troubles." She could swim seventy yards, had swum them, and, being then out of depth, prepared, so to speak, to go bankrupt and go under. Hatley saved her life, so she married him. Now, he believed himself at the time to be a widower: he was wrong, for outside the church door his real wife was waiting, all alive and kicking—literally kicking, as he painfully discovered. Of course, they separated, and the bride, who never was Hylo's wife, soon became Mrs. Harkaway; but her husband, a colonel in the Army, quickly got promoted to another world, and left her opulent, financially, and physically, too, since Miss Alma Stanley plays the part.

Mr. Jack Pointer was a young gentleman who paid large income tax upon a precarious fortune, since it was to disappear if he married without the consent of his aunt and uncle, Major Blister, of the Militia. His pretty cousin, Sophia, had an income of £800 on similar terms, and the uncle and aunt insisted upon an engagement of these two. Of course, the god of Love resented this coercion, and caused Jack to grow perilously fond of Mrs. Harkaway, and Sophia of a young artist named Hereward. The fiancés agreed to break off their engagement without telling the Major of the fact.

Now, Jack was unfortunately situated, for the Major came to live with him without an invitation, and brought with him his twin sons, John and Jack, as well as his daughter, Sophia. The twins were as like one another in appearance as two drops of water, but in character differed: one was a cheerful pessimist, and the other a melancholy optimist. Their father determined that both of them should marry the wealthy Mrs. Harkaway—of course, not simultaneously. It remains to be added that Jack and Mrs. Harkaway made up their minds to indulge in a secret wedding by special license.

You will have noticed that the play is called "The Sleepwalker," and the reason for the title is the fact that Jack was not a somnambulist. However, he pretended to be. It chanced that Jack, during his enforced engagement to Cousin Sophia, had been rather too attentive to a slack-rope dancer called Herculeine, and one evening, under the influence of champagne, had ridden pick-a-back on her across the wire at a music hall. The moment he descended he fell into the horrified bosom of his family. In order to escape their reproaches, he pretended to be unconscious of his acts—to be walking in his sleep; in fact, ever after this, to give colour to his falsehood, he posed as a sleepwalker, and as nobody took the trouble to lock him in at night he used to walk about the flat upsetting all the furniture. Major Blister, as greedy and dishonest as a company promoter, took advantage of it to plunder him, pretending that in his sleep he made him generous presents.

But it happened that the Blister family had an invitation to go to Scotland to stay with some friends, so Jack thought this a fine chance for his secret marriage, and invited his old "chum" Hylo to celebrate the affair by special license in his rooms—how he obtained the license I cannot tell, since such things are only granted in case of serious necessity. Hylo came just after the Blisters had been hustled off to the station. Little did he guess that the bride had once been his for five minutes. His appearance greatly horrified Mrs. H., who, deeming Jack very jealous, had never told him about her affair with Hylo. She drew her veil down tightly, got a friend to break Giggy's glasses, shammed a cold that affected her voice, and all seemed going well till she had to give the names Helen Rachel, when he promptly recognised her. Just at this moment back came the Blister family, their visit put off because the castle of their friend had been burnt down. Consequently explanations were postponed.

Meanwhile, the Major got into difficulties. He had grown to doubt the sleepwalking, so he and the twins, by way of revenge, played a trick on Jack. They pretended that he was in a somnambulist state when he was, and professed to be, wide awake. Money was needed—a large amount to complete a purchase that the Major was very anxious Jack should make. Then Jack shammed sleep, and refused to be awakened, so the Major and twins rushed off and raised the money by begging, borrowing, pledging, and pawning. During their absence Mrs. Harkaway came in, and the time arrived for the postponed explanations.

Jack's turn came first, and he had to tell all about Herculeine and his wrongdoings, and after this followed her tale of the Hylo episode, about which Jack was foolishly furious. In the end, however, after much squabbling, they came to the conclusion that their two wrongs, despite the general rule, might make a right—that is, a marriage rite. When the Major came back, Jack refused to ratify the purchase unless he consented to the marriage with Mrs. Harkaway, while the opportune arrival and amiability of the Major's sister brought about the wedding of Sophia and Hereward.

Mr. C. H. Abbott's play is inordinately long and excessively complex, but not without merit. There is plenty of laughable matter in it, of a rather humble style of humour. So far as plot, construction, or character drawing are concerned, he is obviously a tyro; nevertheless, the smartness of his dialogue and occasional ingenuity of the incidents and business may make a success of the play. Almost all the company played well, and the exertions of Miss Alma Stanley and Messrs. W. Edouin and H. Paulton were very successful in causing laughter. E. F. S.

WINCHESTER QUINCENTENARY.

It would have been strange indeed if the quincenary celebrations at Winchester last week had not been carried out with that enthusiasm for which the disciples of William of Wykeham have always been remarkable. The weather, an all-important factor in such proceedings, was perfect.

The ceremonies of Tuesday began, as the founder would surely have wished them to begin, with Wykehamists, old and young, receiving the Communion in the venerable chapel, and a few hours later there was an impressive service in Chamber Court, at which the unforgettable "Domum" chorus echoed and re-echoed round the old walls from hundreds of lusty voices. A still more imposing service was to follow in the grand old cathedral, where the Archbishop of Canterbury eulogised what the genius of the greatest Bishop of Winchester had done for the public schools of England.

The Church had had its full share in the ceremonies of the day, when the Crown itself, as represented by the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Connaught, went forth to honour the occasion.

The youthful Prefect of Hall greeted the Prince with the Latin oration scholastically known as "Ad Portas." It was not in the Roman tongue that the Prince essayed to reply, but his English was perhaps more cordial than if it had been in Latin. Certainly his reception of the youthful orator was hearty, for he had him called back, and in his own delightfully jovial way shook hands with the proud Prefect. Then the whole party passed into the Meads to see what the school rifle corps can do. After luncheon came the chief ceremony of the day, the "medal speaking in school," when the Prefect once more figured as Latin orator, while other pupils followed with orations and verse in English and in Latin. Here the Prince brought his visit to a close, leaving for Goodwood, but the others remained late, and in the afternoon hundreds of Old Wykehamists sat down to dinner in the County Hall. On Wednesday the chief events were the garden party given by Mrs. Fearon, the Head Master's wife, and a cricket match of Old Etonians against Old Wykehamists; while the usual "Domum" ball in the evening brought the celebrations to a close.



Photo by R. Thomas, Cheapside.

SOME YOUNG WYKEHAMISTS.



Photo by R. Thomas, Cheapside.

CAPTAINS OF THE FOOTBALL DIVISIONS.

SMALL TALK.

The season is virtually over, and the "squalid village," as Mr. Grant Allen "post-prandially" dubbed our Metropolis, is, from the society point of view, a veritable "deserted village." When one can cross Bond Street at four o'clock without an instant's delay, can pass the awkward corner of Devonshire House and enter the hospitable portals of the Isthmian Club without danger or the welcome athletic exercises of that human semaphore, the "fixed point" constable—when Hyde Park Corner is no longer in a bustle and the Park is the abomination of desolation—there is no necessity to scan the departure column of the fashionable intelligence to learn that our butterfly friends, who toil not and who spin nothing but the raciest "yarns" about their acquaintance, are far away, enjoying the fresh breezes of their native "heaths" or the healing waters of some Continental "Bad."

A visit from the German Emperor is becoming one of the usual accompaniments of the yachting season. On Saturday his Majesty was

due to arrive in his yacht off Cowes. He is expected to be the Queen's guest for about a week. All the German Embassy were commanded to welcome the Kaiser. His new yacht is undoubtedly one of the best vessels of its kind afloat. It is said that the Queen will be invited to go on board and partake of afternoon tea in the pretty saloon. But I have my doubts about whether, even to oblige her Imperial grandson, her Majesty would undergo this fatigue. Just lately the Queen has been feeling the fatiguing weather not a little, and keeps out of doors as much as possible. The German Emperor is very fond of England, and has



KAISER WILHELM.

been looking forward to his visit with keen pleasure. There may be a private race between his Majesty's Meteor and the Prince of Wales's yacht Britannia.

A shadow was thrown on the yachting community by the sudden death on board his yacht of young Mr. A. G. Sutton, in his thirty-first year. Mr. Sutton was a younger brother of the late Sir Richard Sutton, so well known among yachtsmen as the owner of the Genesta. He, too, died suddenly in the Isle of Wight, a little more than two years ago, when but eight-and-thirty. The Suttons have been eminent in the yachting world for several generations.

One of the most notable arrivals for the yachting season is the American yacht Navahoe, which made the passage from Sandy Hook in 18 days 19 hours. She is of steel, and was designed and built by Messrs. Herreshoff, of Bristol, New York, for Mr. Royal Phelps Carroll, a member of the New York Yacht Club, who has brought his wife with him across the Atlantic. The Navahoe, which will enter for a number of races, is 124 ft. long over all, and 84 ft. long on the load water-line, with a beam of 23 ft., and a hull draught of 12½ ft. She has a steel centreboard, weighing 3 tons, which, when dropped, increases her draught by about 10½ ft. It is said that the Earl of Dunraven's cutter, Valkyrie, which will shortly leave England for New York to sail for the America Cup, will defend the Cape May trophy against the Navahoe, and a meeting between these two vessels will be looked forward to with great interest by the yachting world. As seen in the graving dock at Southampton, where she has been equipped for the work, the Navahoe does not look the neat craft that she really is, but one gets an excellent idea of the huge spars of the yacht. Her mast is a marvel in the way of "sticks." Her racing spars were brought over to England in one of the Atlantic liners.

While the yachting season is on us, it is interesting to learn that the lake at Chicago is crowded with dainty boating craft. Hitherto, the White City has not been favoured by the yachtsman, although it has the finest body of water and the most extensive and picturesque harbour in the United States. The presence of the World's Fair has, however, drawn the yachters in full force this season, and the Exposition authorities have intelligence to the effect that 250 private and club yachts will visit Chicago harbour this summer.

The explosion which has so shattered the wonted calm of sleepy little Broadstairs and has resulted in a most tragic catastrophe adds a new

terror to the knock of the daily postman, whose advent, even when unaccompanied by dynamite, is not altogether an unmixed blessing. Yet it is difficult to devise any means by which we can be assured that the parcels delivered by that modern and hard-worked Mercury are as harmless and innocent as their appearance would warrant. The postal authorities can hardly undertake to examine the contents of the thousands of small packages committed every day to their care, so we must e'en accept the risk, which, after all, is probably infinitely less than that which we daily run of contracting some contagious complaint through the good offices of our, on the whole, admirably managed postal system.

Since the time when Hamlet stage-managed a special performance for the benefit of his father's brother, the world has known that "the play's the thing," but it has been left for us of the end of the nineteenth century to learn that the bill of the play is sometimes of more value than the play itself. At Sotheby's, the other day, some playbills, which recorded the appearances of such great lights of the stage as Garrick, Mrs. Siddons, Edmund Kean, and John Philip Kemble, fetched as much in some cases as five and six guineas apiece, though the plays in which these famous artists had "strutted their little hours upon the stage" were not by any means invariably classics, for included in the list were many stilted and bombastic dramas which for modern playgoers are not more than a name.

It is not only, however, the playbills that record the triumphs of the Kemble or the Keans that are valuable and interesting; some of our more modern theatrical programmes have, I believe, a market value. There are the bills of certain Lyceum productions that are especially esteemed by Irvingites; there is the elaborate programme that records the farewell of the Bancrofts to the stage at the Haymarket Theatre; there are mementoes of performances by Bernhardt and Salvini; there is the programme of the one solitary representation of Shelley's "Cenci," with the Beatrice of Alma Murray and the Count of Hermann Vezin, and there are playbills of many special functions, such, for instance, as one I possess, dated in June 1868, when, at the Haymarket, "London Assurance" was given with a cast that included Ben Webster, Sothorn, Charles Mathews, and Buckstone, with tiny parts by Irving and Toole, with Mrs. Charles Mathews, still, as her husband said of her on that particular occasion, "a damned fine woman," poor Nelly Moore, and evergreen Mrs. Keeley as "Pert," the chambermaid.

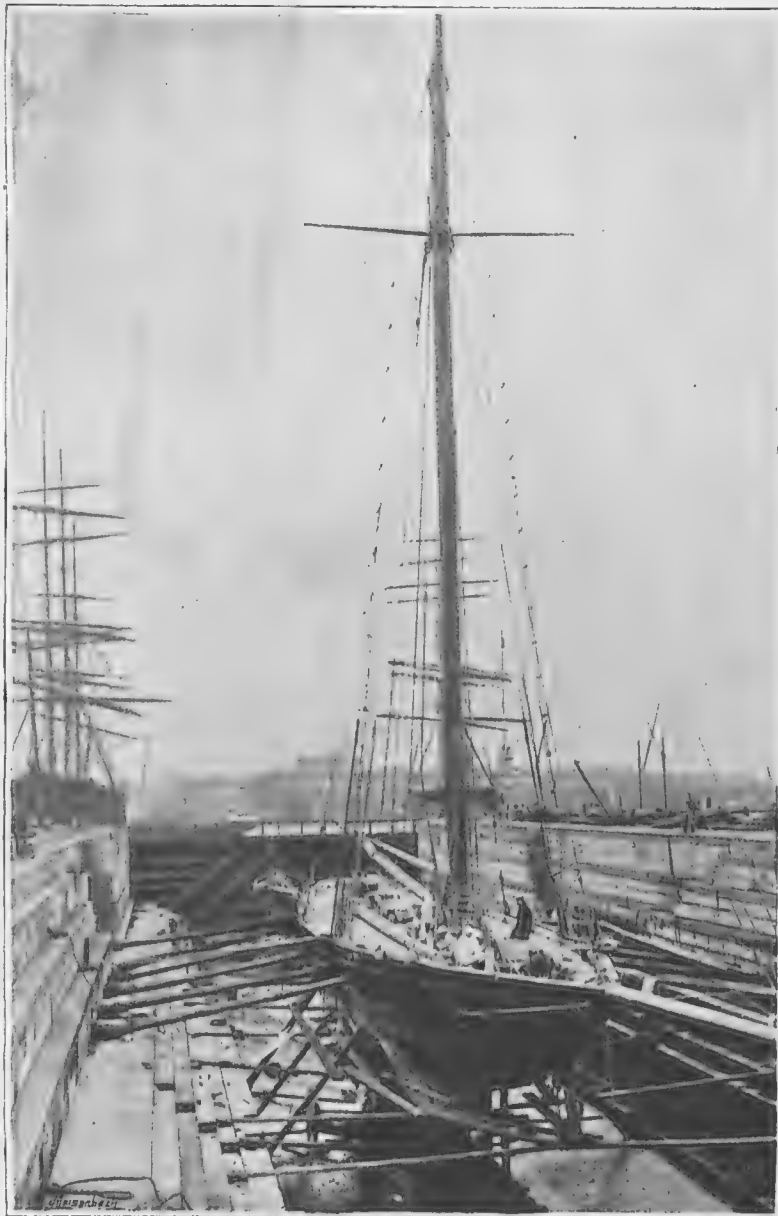


Photo by A. Roberts.

THE NAVAHOE IN THE SOUTHAMPTON GRAVING DOCK.

"Mam'zelle Nitouche," in spite of the fast emptying of London, and the flagging gaieties of the season, remains one of the gayest and most attractive young ladies in London. For a second time I paid my devoirs to this "charming fair" the other evening, when I found her surrounded by, or rather confronted with, a large number of admirers. The merry little opera went "with a bang" as they say, and for Miss Yohé and her principal companions, Mr. Frank Wyatt and Mr. Robert Pateman, there were plenty of encores and liberal applause. Mr. Fred Storey has been imported in a somewhat unnecessary and obtrusive manner into the second act, in the habit of a harmless necessary charwoman, but this forced appearance is condoned by a really delightful exhibition of eccentric dancing.

The revival of "La Fille de Madame Angot" has been a fine chance for people to compare players of the present with those of the past whom they have never seen—a good opportunity, too, for critics to give biographies of the play instead of criticism. Perhaps, to the ordinary mortal it is unimportant whether the old Philharmonic version was better or more successful than the one boomed by Mr. John Hollingshead, and he simply asks himself whether the present production is worth seeing. By way of answer I will simply say, "Ça dépend." If you are a "Wagnerite," you will find the music of Lécocq decidedly frivolous, monotonous in orchestration, and sadly unambitious; if you are fond of the comic opera low comedian, if you enjoy watching an unrefined person who stands near the footlights and utters a series of japes that he has picked up in the music halls, you will think the libretto dull. On the other hand, you may consider the music gay as a newly discharged bankrupt, the book at least tolerable, and the performance excellent.

That pretty little person, Miss Decima Moore, makes a capital Clairette. She dances as gladly as if she were paid not to do it, acts daintily, and sings so truly and energetically that you can really believe her voice, like her heart, is big enough for the part. Miss Amy Augarde is delightful as Mdle. Lange. Her acting seems a trifle wooden—call it solemn out of politeness—but her voice is full and rich, and her presence is splendid. Her hip-hooped dress shows that she is one of the rare women with a Junoesque bust not inadequately supported. Mr. Courtice Pounds sings charmingly, and others are pleasing, though Mr. Valentine is a little heavy, and Mr. Charles Davenport is quite out of his element as Pomponnet.

Miss Annie Rose announces in the papers the "enormous success" of "The Lady of Lyons" at the Royalty. I have been there to see it, and but for the fact that I believe implicitly—to misuse the word in true journalistic fashion—everything that a pretty woman says, I should not have employed the adjective, nor even the noun. I have seen many Paulines, and, of course, as many Claude Melnottes, and, if the papers did not say so, never would have guessed that Mrs. Horace Nevill, who is also Miss Annie Rose, is suited to the part. I always fancied that for success as Pauline one wants bellows, bounce, and big features, which the Dresden-china, dainty-voiced Miss Annie Rose does not possess. Certainly, she understands how the part should be played: it is one in which to be natural is to be ridiculous, and to be ridiculous is to be natural—for the part; and so she is as artificial as a London statue, but the power, "godlike" power, is lacking, and her efforts to get along without it were rather wearisome to the critics, to whom on the first night one may apply Longfellow's lines—

Shall fold their tents like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.

Some curious facts about matinée performances came out in the Westminster County Court the other day in proceedings in which, curious to say, a dramatic critic, who had "slated" their music, appeared as barrister against the musicians in actions brought for part of the expenses of the matinées. Two comic operas were produced in June for the benefit of a hospital. The expenses of one of them came to over £300, and the receipts?—the receipts did not amount to even a ten-pound note! I used to consider it hard that no one will organise a matinée to raise a fund to give the dramatic critics a happy day in the country, but after such a revelation I think that things are best as they are. The day before the performance the company rehearsed from 7 a.m. to 12 p.m.; next day, rehearsals began again at 7 a.m. and lasted till the performance began—it ended at midnight. If the Eight Hours Bill is to extend to the profession, what wonderful performances we shall see!

It may be interesting to those who hope to attend the Norwich Musical Festival next October to learn what selections M. Paderewski has chosen for his programme for Oct. 4. He will produce his new Polish Fantazie for piano and orchestra, and will also play a Nocturne and Étude by Chopin, and Liszt's Rhapsodie. At the same evening concert Dr. Gaul's new cantata, "Una," will be heard for the first time.

Anglomaniya has found a violent opponent in the writer of a book, "Americans in Europe, by One of Them," which is likely to make a sensation in New York when it appears. "I know an American," he tells us in one passage, characteristic of the whole book "who had the great honour of being presented to Mr. Ruskin. Almost the first thing this eminent man of letters said was: 'A Yankee with an English accent: how does that happen?' To this polite remark the American replied: 'I had the misfortune to be educated in England.'"

Though I am afraid such serious historians as Mr. Froude and the Bishop of Oxford might fail to pass an examination founded on the learned works of O. P. Q. Philander Smiff, yet the "man in the street" will be quite familiar with the amusing products of Mr. Smiff's versatile brain. After an absence, which will only serve to increase the warmth of his welcome, Mr. Smiff has returned to the scene of his triumphs—the pages of *Figaro*. "O. P. Q. P. S." reappeared in *Figaro* for July 13, acting as an auto-interviewer with his customary humour. His very initials remind me of schooldays, when Smiff's "History of England: All the way from the Romans in Britain to the Britons in Rome—and everywhere else" absolutely eclipsed in popularity worthy Dr. William Smith's more accurate classics. Then, what naturalist can afford to overlook Smiff's "Natural History," which throws much unexpected light upon all sorts of subjects? I am very glad to give Mr. O. P. Q. Philander Smiff's portrait, to assure you such a genius is an actual personage. Like so many great men, not many details as to



Photo by V. Blanchard, Regent Street, W.

O. P. Q. PHILANDER SMIFF.

his career are obtainable. I believe he is one of the multitude of literary men in public offices who give to the State what was meant for mankind. I shall follow Mr. Smiff's pen week by week in *Figaro* with much pleasure, and so will you, I have no doubt.

Art lovers are to be sincerely congratulated upon the choice of Mr. J. P. Heseltine as the new trustee of the National Gallery. Mr. Heseltine is not only a City magnate (he is a partner in the big firm of stockbrokers, Heseltine, Powell, and Co.) of large fortune who is a patron of art, but he is something more; he is a genuine and discriminating lover of the beautiful, with a rare and refined taste for the fine arts. There are few connoisseurs who can talk art in a more catholic spirit or a more interesting way than Mr. Heseltine, and though at first his manner is, perhaps, a little discouraging to the humble inquirer, if one can only assure him that not curiosity but love of art prompts the inquiry, no "high priest of art" can be more instructive, no raconteur more entertaining, than the new trustee of the National Gallery.

Truly remarkable were the pictures on view at Christie's at their last great picture sale of the season. Pictures from lordly Cassiobury, the seat of the Essex family, and collected by the fifth Earl, numbered only nine, but were all of fine quality, and realised a total sum of nearly £16,000. Of these the three Turners fetched £13,000, one example of that master, "The Trout Stream," bringing 4800 guineas. Then there were the Onslow heirlooms, among which were fine scenes by Ruysdael and Both, and that well-known work by Paul Delaroche, "Napoleon Crossing the Alps," which, by-the-way, went for the modest sum of 750 guineas. Altogether a notable sale, and one which proves again that our native talent, at any rate in the matter of landscape, holds its own in the matter of price.

Miss Lily Linfield, who professionally exhibits that dancing is still an art not totally lost to the world, has favoured me with her terpsichorean creed. "I believe in the stage as a profession for girls willing to take it up seriously, and particularly if they should cultivate some special faculty, such as dancing, which leads oftentimes to great success.



Photo by F. Dickens, Sloane Street, S.W.

MISS LILY LINFIELD.

Besides, dancing is important to everyone on or off the stage, as it gives graceful movement, balance, and good carriage to the whole body, while it promotes and preserves health. Real dancing is a matter of muscular training and an exercise of memory. Many steps and poses are, doubtless, "stock material," but all are capable of endless combination and permutation, and afford opportunities to the genius of experienced dancers, of whom there are but too few sincere performers. Skirt dancing performed with such long dresses as totally veil the steps is an ingenious mode of concealing incapacity. Dancing cannot be learnt in a day, as suppleness and freedom of limb are the outcome solely of long and indefatigable practice. However, dancing is not merely a movement of the feet. It should affect the whole body from the toes to the tips of the fingers, and even the expression of the face should vary so as to give proper dramatic expression to the different parts of the dance. Each dance and each part of a dance should have a distinct meaning and tell its own story—should, in fact, be properly dramatic. Constant practice alone gives neatness of finish, while refinement depends on an individual sense of taste aided by muscular control.

From faith come works, and I can conscientiously affirm that Miss Linfield fully carries out her preaching. The grace of her lithe figure is as charming as the unaffectedness of her pleasing manners, while her taste in dress indicates a delicate sense of artistic feeling, which is in consonance with the associations with which destiny has linked her. Having crossed the borderland of infancy and womanhood but two years, it seems incredible that she could have played even child's parts under Backstone's management at the Haymarket till you learn that, as a child of only five, she played with the Kendals and Sothorn in "The Overland Route," "Mont Blanc," &c. Thanks to the excellent teaching of M. Paul Valentine, she danced herself into notice as the King of the Lilliputians in "Gulliver's Travels" at the Gaiety six years afterwards; and, subsequent to numerous engagements in the provinces, she was "second girl" at the Grand Theatre, Islington; played principal part in "The Sleeping Beauty," under Chatterton, and took leading rôles in Sidney Herbert-Basing's company on tour. Then she came back to the Metropolis to personate Lady Geraldine in the burlesque of "Herne the Hunted" at Toole's; afterwards playing in the provinces in "Falka" and in "Monte Cristo, Junior," taking Letty Lind's part in that Gaiety

company. Three years ago she made an ideal Thestylis in Dr. Todhunter's "Sicilian Idyll" at the Vaudeville, and took "London town" by storm barefooted in the Bacchanalian dance, the movements and action being accurately copied from Greek vase paintings and sculpture. Afterwards came further successes in "Watching and Waiting" and in "Drusilla" at the Royalty, a travesty of "The Dancing Girl" after Julia Neilson. Since then other attractions seem to have weaned her from the stage, but only for a time, I have some reasons for hoping. Meanwhile, Miss Lily Linfield is welcomed in the best and brightest of London drawing-rooms.

The modern M.P. has a decided penchant for libel actions. Last week it was Mr. J. Havelock Wilson, who represents Middlesbrough in the Labour interest, who tried to establish his grievance against the *Evening News and Post*. He placed the damages at several thousands of pounds, but failed to impress the jury with the necessity of redressing his wrongs. Sir William Grantham tried the case at Guildford. In his youth the judge learnt farming in this neighbourhood. The personalities which were expected to enliven the proceedings were noticeably absent. In fact, boredom quickly ensued during the long examination of the plaintiff by Mr. Carson, who possesses as one of his assets a strong Irish accent. Among those present in court was Mr. William Allan, M.P., who could hardly have found any theme for his poetic muse in the prosaic proceedings, which ended in a verdict for the defendants with costs.

For a tiny town, whose inhabitants number normally about 2000, Penmaenmawr has had an undue proportion of noteworthy visitors. Within the borders of this Welsh seaside spot, there have been recently some very interesting personages. The House of Commons has been represented in the person of Mr. J. Allanson Picton, M.P., who can be congratulated on a respite from Home Rule debates, while he must receive commiseration on the illness which has sent him to his Welsh seat. Bishops, archdeacons, and clergy of all degrees have been enjoying the sea-breezes on the brief promenade near to the railway. The Bishop of Ossory, the Bishop of London, and the Archdeacon of Calcutta have been among this number.

At least two editors of London daily papers figure among Old Wykehamists. Mr. G. E. Buckle, the editor of the *Times*, entered Winchester College in 1865, and four years later one notices the name of Mr. E. T. Cook, editor of the *Westminster Gazette*.

Miss Ross-Hicks, the young student who has been successful in the recent soprano and mezzo-soprano prize competitions at the Guildhall School of Music, is the daughter of the late Madame Agnes Ross.



Photo by F. Dickens, Sloane Street, S.W.

MISS LILY LINFIELD IN A SKIRT DANCE.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

From what I can learn, the autumn publishing season is likely to be a very busy one. The new publishers, in particular, have very long lists. It is expected that the financial crisis in America and the political fever at home will have been surmounted by October, and that people will turn again to books with fresh zest. There are, I hear, in the forthcoming lists books of the "babes in literature," as Lord Byron called them, who come to replace "the dead and the distant, the tired and the retired."

Messrs. Macmillan are adopting a new plan in the issue of their *éditions de luxe*. They are sending round circulars to the trade inviting them to subscribe for the new issues, and they promise to print as many large paper copies as are ordered before publication and no more. They will state the number of copies printed on the title-pages of the volumes. Among the most attractive of their promises is an illustrated edition of Miss Mitford's "Our Village," and another of "Miss Rossetti's "Goblin Market."

In a severe criticism of Dr. Conan Doyle's "The Refugees," which appears in the *Boston Literary World*, Dr. Doyle is reminded that no Yankee ever says "different to." He is further told that, simply as a matter of literature, he should have remembered the story of Lowell pointing out to Thackeray his one lapse in "Henry Esmond" or "The Virginians" in ascribing this phrase to Queen Anne's time.

Mr. Lowell's early book, "Conversations on the English Poets," is being reprinted in a neat form in America. Perhaps it would be worth publishing here. There are a good many essays of Lowell's in the *Atlantic Monthly* and the *North American Review* which have never been reprinted, but which would certainly be worth reviving.

Mrs. Sarah Grand's book, "The Heavenly Twins," has been issued in a six-shilling volume by the Cassell Publishing Company in America. At the time of writing no definite information has been received as to the financial state of the company.

Mr. Barry Pain's new story for boys will be published by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton in October. The title is "Cyril and Graeme."

Mr. Marion Crawford's recent Italian story, "The Children of the King," was eminently successful. It was bright, imaginative, stirring. But now, in "Pietro Ghisleri," he has taken us back to Rome again, to that Roman society which he has, somehow, never known how to interpret with success. The old friends, the Saracinescas, Giacinto, and Spicca, reappear, but in minor parts. The story is one of gossip and slander. But the portion of it that might have been effective if treated lightly drags in a weary fashion, and is heavy as unbaked dough, while the tragic portion, the punishment of Adèle, somehow misses its mark: it only disgusts us.

There is excellent stuff in "Pietro," but it is wasted, for want of a temporary lack of vitality in Mr. Crawford's mood. Probably he means to make us feel grateful we are not nineteenth century Romans of society. And the depths of inanity, the childish malice of which he tells us, do indeed make us yawn immoderately. But his narrative is not convincing. Surely there is at least some brilliancy to compensate for the poverty of mind and spirit that would seem to characterise fashionable society in Rome. We are told of gaiety, but we never hear or see it.

His heroine, whom he all but canonises, is an English woman, Laura Arden, of the heaviest British type. We are not at all surprised at her unpopularity in Rome. Pietro, the dark hero-villain, the feared and the fascinating, is, somehow, nearly always dull and commonplace when we meet him. Adèle might afford more entertainment, but she is so absorbed in the concoction of diabolical plots that she gives us the painful impression of an over-worked novelist trying to find the *dénouement* of an intricate and impossible plot. Mr. Crawford's Roman fever has left him enervated, and much less amusing than he is wont to be.

Dr. Conan Doyle goes to Lucerne next month, where he will deliver his lecture on George Meredith to a specially arranged gathering of young English men and women. Dr. Doyle proposes to give this lecture in various places during next winter, and it will be interesting to see if the popularity of the lecturing system can be revived.

Mr. Beerbohm Tree lately addressed an audience at the Royal Institution on "The Imaginative Faculty." Now he has had the address all set down in type for the sake of a less select audience. Mr. Tree has a pleasant way of stating his opinions and his sentiments. His style is mellifluous, like the tones of his voice. It is mostly about his own art he speaks, and, of course, he is all for the spontaneous in acting; doesn't believe in academics teaching the actor anything beyond articulation and the use of his limbs.

He has something to say about "the pernicious habit (for the artist) of reading many books," or of frequenting many salons, and he has an original suggestion to make about the Laureateship, which, he thinks, for the sake of the poet's soul and imagination, had best be conferred on him "only when he is dead, to benefit his family and to point out the beauties of his works to an otherwise indifferent posterity." We do not gather whether the family would be expected to fulfil the usual functions.

O. O.

"ON WHICH THE SUN NEVER SETS."

New South Wales never had such a large mineral output as last year, when the value of it was £5,305,815. This is a decrease on the figures for 1891 of £1,349,194, to be accounted for by the Broken Hill strike. The decrease occurred in silver, lead, copper, iron, coal, coke, and a number of stone products. There was an increase of nearly £11,000 in gold, and still greater increases in shale, tin, and limestone.

Since 1851 the colony has yielded £39,202,655 worth of gold, the greatest output being in 1851 itself. Last year's output, 156,870 oz., valued at £569,177, was the largest of any year since 1876. Yet the Minister of Mines declares that the mines are not being worked to the greatest advantage, through inefficient methods of extraction from the ore. The Broken Hill strike directly cost the Government £15,413.

Sir George Dibbs has just been declaring that the colony is the richest in Australia, and as such he holds that the other colonies are anxious to federate with it. He announces his intention to impose additional taxation upon wealth and property to the extent of £250,000 annually, for the support of the charitable institutions of the colony.

The Labour Settlement Bill has been ordered to be submitted to the Legislative Council of the Colony. The measure provides for Crown lands being set apart for lease, for labour settlements, and the appointment of any persons, not less than eight, and not more than sixteen in number, of whom not more than one-fourth may be women, to be the Board of Control of the settlement. The land may be leased for any period of not more than twenty-eight years.

A Victorian has devised a novel scheme for dealing with the unemployed. It is no less than to billet the unemployed on landowners, the number of men varying with the size of the estate, and to compel the landowners to find them work and food, say, at wages of 10s. a week, or else quarters and food without work.

Just as Victoria suffers from too many rabbits, Tasmania groans under the depredations of the sparrow. A favourite plan of extermination is to collect the sparrows by feeding them, and then gradually dose them with poisoned grain. In Victoria, farmers are trying phosphorised wheat to poison rabbits. Its great advantage is that it will not be taken by the natural enemies of the rabbit.

Queensland, despite its floods and the failure of eight out of its twelve banks, began the year very well, but the second portion has not carried on the good start, there being a deficiency of £111,000.

The Treasurer of the Colony, however, points out the success which has attended artesian boring. A great increase has taken place in exports, and a satisfactory increase in flocks and herds has been made. The reduction in expenditure in the departmental estimates for the year is £250,000.

Sir E. T. Smith, the late Mayor of Adelaide, agrees to contribute £100 to the proposed Pan-Britannic gathering, on condition that nine other Australians give a like amount within the next twelve months, to cover the expenses of an Australian athletic team at the meeting.

Australian meat has found a new outlet at Port Said, where an English firm has built refrigerating stores, and furnishes a large number of ships passing through the Suez Canal with beef and mutton, and also supplies a portion of the local demand. Hitherto all the meat has been brought from Syria, and the local importers are beginning to feel the effects of this competition.

The Bahamas find a panegyrist in their Governor, Sir Ambrose Shea. Five or six years ago they were little more than an appendage of New York, but now they are booming ahead by the cultivation of sisal hemp. Mr. Chamberlain has an estate of 20,000 acres, managed by his son, "a shrewd, level-headed young Englishman," whom Sir Ambrose describes as being "sharp as a needle, and never wasting a dollar."

The commercial prosperity of British Honduras has been liable to disastrous fluctuations, owing to its having had to rely almost entirely on its forest produce and on its rivers for transport. Thus, Sir A. Moloney, the Governor, strongly urges the necessity of extending industrial activity, for he points out that the mahogany and logwood trade is not to be trusted, as the trees are getting more and more difficult of access and more expensive to work.

Who is to be Lord Lansdowne's successor in India? Everybody has been asking that question since the Maharaja of Kapurthala threw out the after-dinner hint as to the suitability of Lord Roberts to fill the Viceregal seat; but all speculations are premature. Lord Lansdowne's term of office does not expire for some time yet, and up to the present the appointment has been offered to no one.

BORWICK'S BAKING POWDER.—Best that money can buy.
BORWICK'S BAKING POWDER.—Five gold medals.
BORWICK'S BAKING POWDER.—Contains no alum.—[ADVT.]

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

The end of the season is on us at last. At least, it is customary to consider the Goodwood week as the end of the season. Opera is ended; most of the theatres have given up the struggle to attract audiences, and men, women, and children are quitting town by the thousand and tens of thousands to seek rest and pleasure abroad. May they find it! But it would seem to me as if many men would rest better by coming back surreptitiously to London and living there in some quiet nook. Is change of air often much more than change of occupation?

And, after all, there are several millions in London who do not go away to shoot grouse and partridges, nor wander to Norway or Switzerland, or even Margate. Yet they exist, and even in some cases enjoy life. Is not the "change of air" recipe a mere pretext for giving the overworked or overplayed nature of professional or fashionable London the needed rest?

But a wiser course would surely be to provide rest and change in London itself. Suburban life might shift itself over: Islington might visit Wandsworth, and Clapham migrate to Kilburn. The exploring instinct of the holiday-maker might be gratified to the full; the mental horizon would be widened; new friends, not wholly out of reach, might be acquired; and in time the suburban traveller might say with pride, "I am a Londoner, and no part of London is strange to me." But what good does acquaintance with foreigners and foreign localities do us when we have once returned home? Little, indeed; whereas a Londoner who knows his city is master of a world of instantly useful facts.

Few joys can be so enthralling as the exploration of London. The intricacies of London railways alone offer the most delightful sport. The patient student of Bradshaw, or some equally accurate but less voluminous guide, can plan out the most weird and miraculous routes. Through trains wander round in jungles of rails, such as those surrounding New Cross or Clapham Junction, and come out safely at their desired haven. What would seem more recklessly daring, even impious, than to get into a train at Muswell Hill, with full assurance of reaching Woolwich without changing? Yet this miracle is performed daily, in the absence of fogs or holiday traffic. Again, one meets stray Midland trains at Victoria, stray North-Western trains at Waterloo. To the unaided intelligence it would seem that these waifs and strays could never hope to be wafted back to their haven at Kentish Town or Willesden.

Again, what corrupt passage of a Greek author, what knotty negotiation or intrigue told in unpublished State papers, can offer greater charms to research than the tangle of railways to the west of London? He who has mastered the intricate relations of the five Hammersmiths will find the family relationships of William the Conqueror an easy problem. He who knows the how, the whence, and the whither of the Addison Road passenger traffic is qualified to speak with confidence on the question of the Casket Letters. Darkest Africa can have few terrors for the undaunted explorer who has changed or, with greater daring, alighted at Willesden Junction, and escaped with life and luggage from that more than Cretan labyrinth.

The real romance of the railway has still to be expressed. The familiarity of travelling by train blinds us to the magical possibilities of the act. We sit in the carriage, and hardly trouble to look out of the window; we read the most frivolous of books and papers—stuff that we should despise ourselves for reading at any other time. To say of a book that it may serve to while away an hour in a train is (for the superior reviewer) the extreme of contemptuous compassion. We mean by a "railway novel" not a novel concerning a railway, but an inferior, flashy book to be read and tossed out of the window—or, if we are careful and charitable, thrown into a hospital box, to embitter the sufferings of the patients. But who has dealt with the romantic possibilities of the railway?

Dickens, for one. The horror of the coming whirlwind and rush that possesses Carker in "Dombey and Son" is well kept up. Something of that dread we have all felt when an express rushed by our suburban station—when we drew back, for fear the attraction of the monster should draw us into its track. There is a terrible personality about trains at times. Not without reason have special expresses been

popularly given their names. Even engines have their individuality, though the rage for uniformity is reducing them to monotony of colour and build on each line.

Even the more characteristic railways are yielding to this tendency. All Great Eastern engines are blue, all Midland engines red, and engines and carriages alike are being brought down to a few distinct types. Even the South-Eastern is following the modern mania for uniformity. New rolling stock appears from time to time; the survivals of forty years ago are seldom to be seen. Another generation will see the last remnants of the picturesque eliminated from beneath the artistic roofs of Cannon Street and Charing Cross.

And they were so interesting to look at from outside, those dear old trains! To pass along the platform and gaze at the carriages was like watching a section of geological strata. Here were representatives of every type of carriage that the busy mind of man had contrived since Stephenson's Rocket won the prize. The line of their roofs was like a chain of tablelands. There was the low, bulging first-class carriage, with its curving side windows and its memories of the stage-coach; there was the gloomy box of a third-class carriage, with no windows save those in the doors; there were new and old carriages, high and low carriages, dark and light carriages—every variety of accommodation. No more interesting prospect could a railway afford than a South-Eastern train—to one who had not to travel by it. Then, too, that line had—and still has—an incalculable and startling way of bringing its trains in from totally unexpected quarters, and flinging down its stations on either side of the line.

When I go on a southern line, especially the South-Eastern, I feel as if anything might happen; not, indeed, that, as the irreverent American—but that is tautology; let us say the American simply—remarked, one is afraid of running over the edge of our island, but I feel as if I might conceivably turn up at almost any place and at almost any time. There is something demonic about the line. It reminds one of Mr. Gladstone.

I have often thought of new possibilities of romance in the way of railways. Not the hackneyed tricks of murder, of promenading the footboards, of wrecking trains by obstruction, of changing signals, and breaking down bridges. No; there are far more weird effects to be drawn from the iron road. For instance, in travelling by the Midland suburban line I have looked out of the window in the tunnel between King's Cross and Camden Road Stations, and once or twice it seemed to me that I saw dimly two lines of rail bending off from those on which I travelled, and plunging into another tunnel. These were not the connections with the Great Northern system; they had curved off separately, and on the other side. Once, too, on a map of London I saw a slight prolongation of the line after the Midland had turned off. Was this the beginning of an intended and then abandoned communication with the North-Western at Euston? It may be so. But I have often thought of those mysterious rails, dimly seen, leading no whither, but still lying there.

And I have fancied and wondered what might happen if a train for once passed off the humdrum Midland line, and plunged into that ghostly cavern. Of course, I know what *would* happen—a frightful smash against the solid earth closing that blind tunnel. But what *might* happen? Might not some vast secret society or some mysterious millionaire have hollowed out a vast underground realm, into which led rails joining on to those disused lines? Might not the wall at the end of the hollow be a mere mask, ready to slide into the side at the touch of a spring? Then a few minutes' work in the tunnel, and the doomed train would shoot off into the wrong tunnel, the screen would close behind it, and no man would hear of it more.

Think of the excitement at the disappearance of a train and all its passengers, leaving not a wrack behind; think of the way in which the newspapers would rave of the wonder, till the inevitable Sherlock Holmes examined the "No-thoroughfare" tunnel, and noticed the wheel marks on the rusty rails! Then, of course, comes the last chapter.

MARMITON.

A MISS WITH A MISSION.

"What sort of a girl is she?"

"Oh, she is a miss with a mission."

"Ah!"

"And her mission is seeking a man with a mansion."



MISS EMMA EAMES.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY FALK, MADISON SQUARE, NEW YORK.



'THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.—BY THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH.

NOW KNOWN AS "THE STOLEN DUCHESS."

THE ART OF THE DAY.

It remains to be seen, as we write these lines, whether the extraordinary story published in the *Pall Mall Gazette* of July 22 is a serious sensation, or is destined to finish in an ineffectual fizzle. The story is revived, in the first place, of the well-known theft from Mr. Agnew's galleries, some years ago, of the so-called Gainsborough, "Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire." The outlines of the story are briefly told. About the picture, which was subsequently to hang in Mr. Agnew's galleries, there had been warm controversy as to its genuineness. Some asserted that it was a melodramatic copy of the great original, others that it was undoubtedly the original itself. Meanwhile, busy rumour was abroad that the Earl of Dudley, convinced of its genuineness, had determined to bid for it at Christie's up to any price, and his agent, accordingly, bidding against Mr. Agnew, ran the

So far runs the past history of the picture. Now, it is said, a scamp of the most extraordinary and diabolical craftiness, by name Wirth, whose robberies have been among the most ingenious criminal offences of modern times, and who is now undergoing a term of penal servitude for one of his robberies in Paris, has, so the story runs, confessed that he was the thief; that he abstracted the picture from Messrs. Agnew's galleries, removed it to his house in St. John's Wood, there discovered that it would be impossible to procure a ransom for it without a fatal discovery of his own person, and finally allowed it merely to continue in existence as an unrealisable asset. Thus runs Wirth's story, an account which gives rise to so many obvious questions that it would be useless to repeat them here. Briefly, however, the story needs confirmation, and, to conclude, we desire to know where the picture is lying now.



THE THREE DAUGHTERS OF GEORGE III.—BY GAINSBOROUGH.

bidding up to £10,000. Mr. Agnew promptly bid £10,100, and—if the current story be true—the Earl of Dudley at once released the picture to Mr. Agnew for that sum, the largest ever paid for a picture at Christie's.

For a brief period the sale was the talk of the town, and Mr. Agnew's galleries were crowded with fashionable visitors. Ladies studied the costume of the dead Duchess with a view to the flattery of imitation, and on every side enthusiastic opinion was freely expressed. Then came the *dénouement*. On a night when the picture was, as usual, guarded by the watchman who slept upon the premises it suddenly disappeared into space. When morning dawned the frame appeared hanging in its customary place, and upon it the marks of a chisel; the canvas had flown. The natural *furor* ensued. Messrs. Agnew offered a reward of £1000 for the detection of the thief, but without any result. The wildest and most various explanations were set a-foot, some gravely reflecting upon Mr. Agnew, others concerned with ingenious suggestions and explanatory methods. Nothing ensued. From that time forth "there came no sign," and the matter was banished to the dark world of historical mysteries. It came in time to be almost forgotten.

If the one alternative secures testimony, and the second be answered satisfactorily, we shall witness the discovery of one of the most extraordinary records of crime in modern times.

The Rembrandts of the Holford collection have fetched even a higher price than was generally anticipated; but it is curious that the so-called chrysolite of the collection, "Christ Healing the Sick," known as the "Hundred Guilder" print, did not fetch the highest price. For the first state of this on Japan paper, six alone of which are known to exist, and all, save this one, in public collections, the sum of £1750 was given; while for the first state of "Rembrandt Leaning on a Sabre" the sum of £2000 was given. The first state of "Our Lord before Pilate" brought in the sum of £1250, another impression, third state, bringing in the sum of £51 only. For the magnificent "Ephraim Bonus," first state, with the black ring, no less a sum than £1950 was given, the three etchings fetching in a total sum of £5200. The other prices for Rembrandts varied between two and three hundred pounds, very few falling below the lesser of these sums.

It is curious to note the enormous falling off in the prices paid for great masters who were something less great than this greatest of them all.



JUILLET.—A. AUBLET.
EXHIBITED AT THE PARIS SALON.



L'INCENDIE, ARTOIS.—F. TATTEGRAIN.
EXHIBITED AT THE PARIS SALON.

For Albrecht Dürer's "Adam and Eve" the sum of £100 was paid; for "The Holy Family," the rare etching, no more than £110 was obtained; for "St. Hubert" £150, for "St. Jerome in his Cell" £130. No single etching by this master fetched as much as £200—a significant fact when one comes to compare his prices with those of Rembrandt.

The exhibition of the Japanese work of Mr. Alfred Parsons now hanging at the Fine Art Society's Rooms, in New Bond Street, will well repay a visit. Mr. Parsons has a singular artistic and æsthetic gift, and if he has preferred to illustrate the face of the country rather than the characteristics of the people, we rejoice in his resolution to follow the more untrodden path. The drawings are the result of nine months' labour in Japan, and, as Mr. Parsons himself well puts it, he has striven to tell "the story of the year."

The plum-blossoms of March, the cherry-blossoms of April, the wild iris of May, the lilies and roses of June, the orange lilies of July, the lotus of August, the sugar-cane of September, the blue water-weed of

Mr. Parsons tells us in a very pretty preface that the lotus lily is most difficult to paint, and, in fact, from his account, it must be a very coquette among flowers. For a few hours in early morning it is, in the accepted sense of other beauties, "at home." But after ten o'clock, when the sun mounts higher and gazes too boldly down, the lotus closes its petals and turns a white shoulder on the despairing artist. To paint a flower "which alters the form of its delicate leaves with every passing wind" and changes colour under every drifting cloud must be a difficult task indeed.

In addition to this collection, the Fine Art Society also exhibits a selection of water colours, the work of M. Roussoff, who has devoted himself particularly to the artistic side of Egypt. The drawings are charmingly conceived from the æsthetic standpoint, and no less charmingly executed. They are broad and audacious, but they seldom err on the side of violence.

"Croquis de Plage," by M. Mars (Bruxelles: Dietrich et Cie.), is a very pleasant little volume of humorous caricature dealing with the



À BLANKENBERGHE: PRÉSENTATION AUX AUTORITÉS.

"Allo, Sidonie, faites une fois une belle figure pour Mossieu le Ministre! Mossieu le Ministre ne va pas te manger!"

From "Croquis de Plage," by Mars. (Bruxelles: Dietrich et Cie., Éditeurs.)

October, the chrysanthemum of November—here are some among the delightful subjects chosen for illustration. In going from picture to picture one is reminded of all the fascinating words that have been written about this fascinating country. There is shown "the sweet o' the year" what time "the cherry orchards blow"; here are the rice-fields, the bamboo bridges, the merry maids of Mikayo, the plum-tree's "bloomy snow," and many another flower unconsecrated yet by song, but very worthy of that honour.

Mr. Parsons paints like a painter. He has refinement of touch, refinement of colour. He is least successful with his light; his skies are sometimes hard, his sunshine is sometimes transparent and disillusionising paint; moreover, if he errs on any side, it is on the side of excessive studiousness. As one has excellently put it, "he never gives himself away to an impression." In "A White Azalea Bush," that stands in the garden of what has evidently been casually called the Raku-raku-tei tea-house, he comes very near to such a surrender, and in "The Bamboo Grove at Tenmenji" he also approaches this success through a somewhat melodramatic avenue. Take the collection as a whole, it is impossible to refuse a large, even a generous, enthusiasm for its signs of skill, artistic feeling, æsthetic appreciation, and high accomplishment.

gay humours of the sea. The types of character are all admirably chosen and represented. The bathing hour, with its troops of early aspirants eager for the sea, the sport of splashing, the photography of the sands ("Herr Professor Photographirt seine Emma"), the attractions of the pier, the embarrassments of the feminine bathers—all are here most humorously, some in subdued colours, some in black and white, expressed. The caricatures are full of odd suggestiveness, and, above all, despite the necessities of caricature, are gifted with true character.

Hitherto we have only had one example of Fred Walker's work in our National Gallery at Trafalgar Square, the well-known "Gypsies." There are some critics, indeed, of these modern days who, with their intense hatred for anything like full or detailed work, complain that one example is quite sufficient. Be that how it may, nothing but praise can be accorded to the princely generosity which has induced Mr. William Agnew to present the national collection with what is generally considered Walker's masterpiece—"A Harbour of Refuge." The picture was bought by Mr. Agnew from Walker himself, and it has always remained in his possession. It is said to be in perfect condition, and will be immediately hung upon the walls of the Trafalgar Square Gallery, where it is destined to receive an honourable place.

THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

"QUESTIONS AT ISSUE." BY EDMUND GOSSE.

If I were asked to say what seems to me the distinctive quality of this charming volume (W. Heinemann), I should single out from Mr. Gosse's armoury a weapon which does more redoubtable service than the invisible sword in the fairy tale. Above all things, Mr. Gosse is urbane. His urbanity is such that he has discussed with perfect candour in American periodicals delicate questions of American literature, and yet his scalp is inviolate. Some of us know what it is to encounter the American eagle when that mighty and most sensitive bird is crooning over the cradle of native genius. We have ventured to suggest that the occupant of the cradle is like the "infant industries" nurtured by the McKinley Tariff: he shows no sign of getting any bigger. Then the eagle has spread her wings and claws, and with a piercing scream—well, it is odd that any of us remain to tell the tale on winter nights in the chimney-corner, when the season is fitting for the curdling of young blood. But Mr. Gosse can look into the cradle with a benevolent smile, as who should say, "What a splendid fellow! Look at his legs. Can't walk yet, I understand: but we must not be too impatient. Dear me! though, it is a long time since I saw him last, and he has scarcely grown in the interval. But there, there—'Slow and sure' is the motto of true genius. 'Light summers have a forward spring,' you remember. Perhaps you don't—it's Shakspeare, and he didn't live in Massachusetts. This is no forward spring, decidedly backward in point of fact, but, of course, the summer will be rich—indeed, I may say, golden. And you—you delightful old bird of freedom—what a beautiful beak you have! A most excellent nurse, to be sure! You'll bring him on—oh, yes, you'll bring him on by slow, by very slow degrees. You have my best wishes, you know, my very best. And when I call again, perhaps I shall find the little one—well, we must not be too sanguine—I will not say walking, but crawling, yes, crawling with distinction—with real distinction. Bye, bye, baby!" I say Mr. Gosse can intermit his admirable criticism with such honest goodwill that even when he starts a paper with the question "Has America produced a poet?" the Great Republic, instead of swiftly resenting the insult by sending war-ships to the Thames, is content to leave the issue to disinterested research. And so Mr. Gosse proceeds in peace to suggest with the utmost delicacy that America has produced no poet of striking individuality save Edgar Allan Poe, whom his countrymen never read, and whose career is rarely mentioned except to point a New England moral.

Everyone who is familiar with Mr. Gosse's writings knows how deep and strong is his attachment to verse as the highest medium of literary expression. Of the fourteen essays which compose this volume, eight are largely, if not mainly, concerned with the influence of poetry and with the apprehension of its decline. "Is verse in danger?" Mr. Gosse asks. "Will anyone who has anything of importance to communicate be likely in the future to express it through the medium of metrical language?" There are those who insinuate that "poetry has had its reign, its fascinating and imperial tyranny, and that it must now make way for the democracy of prose." This touches the citadel of Mr. Gosse's faith very nearly, but he examines the whole subject with tranquillity, impartial breadth, and a complete absence of querulous harping on an opinion till it becomes a tedious crotchet. What you feel in reading and re-reading these essays is that the writer is a man of letters in the broadest sense. His taste is catholic, his delight is to examine the merits of every standpoint rather than to do battle for one. Literature for him is so absorbing a passion that even the tendencies he would like to check engage his sympathies as a student, till he ends by giving them greater force than they would derive from professed advocacy. The neglect of poetry as a living instrument is partly due, in his judgment, to lavish zeal for the dead. Mr. Gosse seems to think that contemporary poets

can get little attention while they have to wander disconsolately among the tombs of the ancients, on which criticism is constantly writing fresh epitaphs. This, I am afraid, is no more than to say that contemporary poetry has no vitality of its own to attract the gaze of the few lovers of verse from the monuments of the antique. Such a situation would appear to have scant promise for the future, but Mr. Gosse is not cast down. "Poetry, if it exist at all, will deal, and probably to a greater degree than ever before, with those more frail and ephemeral shades of emotion which prose scarcely ventures to describe. . . . The most realistic novel, the closest psychological analysis in prose does no more than skim the surface of the soul; verse has the privilege of descending into its depths. In the future lyrical poetry . . . will interpret what prose dares not suggest. It will penetrate further into the complexity of human sensations, and, untroubled by the necessity of formulating a creed, a theory, or a story, will describe with delicate accuracy and under a veil

of artistic beauty the amazing, the unfamiliar, and even the portentous phenomena which it encounters."

This, then, is the foundation of Mr. Gosse's hope for the future of poetry. If I do not misunderstand him, he expects the Muse to brace herself up to the realities of life, to become not merely the handmaid but the guide and inspiration of social evolution, to sever all the ties which have bound her to the decaying forms of poetic art. These will strike many as extremely disputable propositions. Mr. Gosse discusses the influence of democracy on literature, and arrives at the conclusion that it is of small account to writers of very determined talent—Mr. George Meredith, for instance—though it may be allowed to have personified itself with notable force in Mr. W. D. Howells. I think a good deal could be said to show that Mr. Meredith's novels are full of the democratic spirit, despite the undoubted fact that in form they make small concession to the many-headed. But is not the decline of poetry a proof of the democratic spirit, and will not its remarkable recrudescence, as predicted by Mr. Gosse, in the lyric cry of the social development, be more conspicuous proof still? I confess to feeling by no means sanguine that this new dominion of the Muse will ever be achieved. Mr. Gosse tries to persuade us that poetry will perform better than prose all the functions which properly belong to that instrument. "The amazing, the unfamiliar, and even the portentous" are at present the exclusive property of the realistic novelist, and I do not see how he is to be dispossessed. Mr. Gosse chafes against the "tyranny of the

novel," and argues that the realists have overshot their mark. Reflections on that genealogical tree which, after a growth of twenty volumes, achieves its sombre efflorescence in "Le Docteur Pascal" may go far to sustain this criticism. But even if the reign of naturalism in fiction be near its end, there are half-a-dozen methods to flourish in its stead. The mystic and the symbolist in French literature may be passing aberrations, but the substantial developments of the novel—I speak of the European novel, not of the mushroom cultivated by Mr. Mudie—leave a very limited prospect of a livelihood for the Muse when she shuts up her palace on Parnassus and trudges the street in search of the abnormal. I can see her growing more and more forlorn as she offers her flowers of philosophy, her roses of realism, her carnations of every imaginable inquiry which she has hitherto disdained. The crowd brushes her poor blooms aside, pushes her off the pavement of democratic prose, and as she turns away in despair—towards the river, I greatly fear—a bystander of serenely critical aspect remarks in a silvery tone, "Ah, my dear, and it has come to this! Well, well, I thought it would be otherwise. I advised you to go into this line of business, but you see the democratic taste. Not a single flower sold in the whole basket? Dear! dear! it is very sad, but you must own the perfume is—well, I would not put it harshly—let us say it is discouraging."

One more word. Mr. Gosse reprints "An Election at the English Academy," a humorous fantasy, which is one of the happiest things of its kind I have ever read.

L. F. A.



Photo by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.





"Splendid spot! Magnificent!"
"How many fish have you caught, then?"
"No fish, but at least three-and-twenty bites."



PETS.

DRAWN BY DUDLEY HARDY.



A DANGEROUS THING TO DRIVE!

"'Ullo, Charlie; wot's up?"

"Wy, that theer gent 'ave bin a-tryin' to drive a tantrum down that theer 'ill, and 'ee 'ave got the 'ole bilin' lot smashed to hattims."



"TIS ONLY A FACE AT THE WINDOW."

MARRIAGE, AND THE REST OF IT.*

VI.

SCENE: At Lady Killjoy's.

TIME: 11.30 p.m.

The Hon. Mrs. Legion and Lady Mondaine are ascending the staircase.

ISABEL (*in a whisper*). I wonder if Jack is here yet, and if he's hurt?

LADY MONDAINE (*also sotto voce*). Hurt!—because he was left to dine alone for once? That was only the beginning of his education, just the alphabet. Now, remember your resolve.

ISABEL. Don't be afraid. I haven't been sitting at your feet all the afternoon for nothing.

LADY MONDAINE. Good girl! At heart I am confident your husband loves you: only he is so sure of you that he has grown careless. Withhold your caresses, and he will learn to look for them; show him you can do without him, and he'll discover it's perfectly impossible for him to do without you. That Captain Durgan is inclined to hover about you, I fancy: let him hover, it will do your Jack good. Do you feel strong?

ISABEL. As the man who balances ponies.

LADY MONDAINE. Excellent. Hush! here's your mother-in-law.

(*They exchange greetings with their hostess.*)

ISABEL. Has Jack come? He was out when I left home.

LADY KILLJOY. He came half an hour ago, and is not looking well, I observe. (*Reproachfully.*) He is not looking at all well.

ISABEL. He has never complained; I cannot say I noticed it.

LADY KILLJOY. A mother's eyes—How d'y'e do, Mrs. Summers? (*Turns to welcome a new arrival.*)

LADY MONDAINE (*to Isabel*). Courage! don't let that nonsense deter you! He is over there, and his health is positively rude.

(*The Hon. Jack Legion bows to Lady Mondaine, and nods curtly to his wife, without making any attempt to join them. His attention is apparently monopolised by a lady in pink.*)

ISABEL. Why doesn't he cross over and speak to me? (*Thinks.*) I'm sure I don't know what he finds in that freckled American girl! Whenever they meet he is a fixture.

LADY MONDAINE. I see Captain Durgan approaching. I efface myself.

CAPTAIN DURGAN. Good evening, Mrs. Legion.

ISABEL (*plunging recklessly, with the tail of her eye on her husband and the freckled girl*). Captain Durgan? What an age since we met! Why have you never called? Have you forgotten where we live?

CAPTAIN DURGAN (*slightly dazed at the unusual kindness*). My dear Mrs. Legion, I shall be only too delighted—er—to call. (*Recovers himself.*) If I had known, I should have given myself the pleasure long ago.

ISABEL. Known what?

CAPTAIN DURGAN. That you cared whether I came or stayed away.

ISABEL. Do you think I take no interest in my friends, then? You shock me.

CAPTAIN DURGAN (*feeling there is "a tide in the affairs of men."*) Oh!—er—not at all! It was that I didn't dare to hope I had the good fortune to number myself among them.

(*Slight pause. Mrs. Legion fans herself and watches Jack. Captain Durgan plumes himself and watches her.*)

ISABEL. How warm the rooms are!

CAPTAIN DURGAN (*with alacrity*). Stifling! Shall we move into the conservatory? You will find it cooler there.

ISABEL. Shall I? (*Proceeds to ascertain.*)

CAPTAIN DURGAN (*as they search for seats*). Do you know, Mrs. Legion, I have sometimes fancied you disliked me. I can't tell you how much the thought has pained me.

ISABEL. Dislike you? Why should I?

CAPTAIN DURGAN. I feared I was so unlucky as to displease you.

ISABEL. And you were wholly mistaken.

CAPTAIN DURGAN. I suppose it was my anxiety to please you which begot the idea. Believe me, there is no one whose good opinion I am so anxious to win.

ISABEL (*beginning to feel a little out of breath*). Ha, ha! Don't be absurd, Captain Durgan. You know I'm a country girl; it isn't fair to make fun of me.

CAPTAIN DURGAN. I have always loved violets better than gardenias.

ISABEL. Have you? Then why do you wear a tuberose? (*Thinks.*) I wish he wouldn't stare at me like that. I wonder if I'm going too far!

CAPTAIN DURGAN (*mentally*). I wish she'd lift her eyes again. I wonder if she knows how pretty she looks when she blushes?

(*They find two chairs, and during the next ten minutes he makes considerable progress.*)

CAPTAIN DURGAN. That branch is in your way—let me bend it back.

(*In doing so his hand brushes her bare shoulder.*)

CAPTAIN DURGAN (*quickly*). I beg your pardon—the thing slipped.

ISABEL (*mentally*). Now, was that accident or premeditation? I wish Jack could see us; it all seems wasted without! (*Bows a little stiffly.*)

CAPTAIN DURGAN. How pleasant it is out here! To hear the music—er—er—mellowed by distance; to feel the—er—

(*Isabel toys nervously with her fan, and drops it. He picks it up, and in restoring it kisses her hand.*)

ISABEL (*thinks*). Then it was premeditation—oh, how dare he! (*Starts and rises, flushed and agitated.*) Be good enough to take me back to the room, Captain Durgan. Our tête-à-tête has been too prolonged already.

CAPTAIN DURGAN (*obeying her ruefully, and pulling his moustache*). Is she a child or a finished coquette? Is it possible she isn't aware she has been encouraging me; or has she been amusing herself like a clever woman? Blessed if I know!

ISABEL (*mentally*). I could cry my eyes out. (*They return to the drawing-room: the Hon. Jack is still entertained by the freckled girl, and fails to remark his wife's entrance.*) And I don't believe he even knows I have been out of the room. I have been insulted for nothing—made myself cheap for nothing at all!

SCENE: Interior of the Legions' brougham.

TIME: An hour later.

(*Husband and wife are being driven home.*)

ISABEL (*thinks*). I wish he would speak. I'd beg his pardon, only that would make the failure more awful still. (*Sighs and glances at him appealingly.*)

JACK (*silence*).

ISABEL (*another sigh—this time louder*).

JACK (*continued imperviousness*).

ISABEL (*abruptly—deserting her colours, and surrendering unconditionally*). Jack!

JACK. Well, what is it?

ISABEL. You aren't angry with me, are you?

JACK (*thoroughly aggrieved*). If you had told me beforehand you were dining at Lady Mondaine's, I should have made my arrangements accordingly. I dislike inconsiderateness.

ISABEL. I'll never do it any more, Jack. (*Mentally.*) The failure is complete!

JACK. Then I forgive you, dear. And—I didn't see much of you to-night—but I hope you have had a pleasant evening.

(*Curtain descends on the magnanimity of Mr. Legion and Mrs. Legion's suppressed sobs.*) F. C. PHILIPS.

"HAD I THE WINGS OF A DOVE."

The problem of aerial navigation is a very fascinating one. The latest experimenter is a Brooklyn jeweller named Campbell. He claims to have constructed an air-ship that will actually sail in the air, and can be raised and lowered at will. Mr. Campbell does not claim that he can lift a car weighing tons, and navigate it through the air against all sorts of currents or cyclones, and carry fifty passengers at a time. He distinctly says that he cannot do that. But he claims that in an ordinary state of atmosphere he can, with an equipoised air-ship, raise and lower himself, go backward or forward, or turn in any direction without losing a foot of gas or a pound of ballast. The large wings he has attached to the sides of the balloon itself, spreading on the principle of a pigeon's wings, he can use either as a parachute in descending or as an air-plane both in ascent and descent. Then, in case of accident or a collapse, the balloon would just wobble to the earth in safety with those spread out. The fans or propellers play a prominent part in the invention. There are two main sets of them, and the balloon is so evenly balanced that wherever in the air it may be stopped there the propellers will float it. The one on the stern takes the place of a rudder, and the one on the other end draws either forward or backward. One is operated by a system of wheels, moved by hand, while the other and the fan-like wheels on the balloon itself are to be worked by an electric motor, which Edison is now making for Mr. Campbell. Professor S. F. B. Morse, the inventor of the telegraph, and Horace Greeley often used to call on Mr. Campbell, discuss aerial navigation, and watch him build his models. His first model took seven years to complete, and then was exhibited as a crank idea. It was in 1850 that he first seriously contemplated the idea of aerial navigation. In fourteen years he made 300 balloon ascensions, studying the air-ship idea all the time. A Roumanian carpenter, named Schmidt, has gone to Chicago with another air-ship idea. He proposes to construct a cigar-shaped balloon 82 ft. in length by 19½ ft. greatest diameter. To this he would hang a car containing a six-horse power benzine engine to drive four double-bladed fans, by whose rotation the machine could be propelled, he thinks, against any wind not exceeding 13½ miles an hour in velocity. When the balloon is filled with coal gas it is to lift a load of 200 lb., but when hydrogen is used the load may be increased to 300 lb.

* The fifth of this series appeared in *The Sketch* of July 26.

THE AUTHOR OF "MEHALAH" AT HOME.

With Photographs by the Rev. A. H. Malan.

Gifted by nature with a variety of talents, and by inheritance with a pleasant home, standing in its 3000 acres, sheltered by its woods, yet within easy walk of the breezy tors of Dartmoor, the present representative



THE REV. S. BARING-GOULD.

of the Somerset and Devon family of Gould has his lot cast in a fair place, without visible cause for complaint against his fortunes or surroundings.

Permitted neither by circumstances nor by his own inclinations to be a man of one idea or one book, the occupations of the Rev. Sabine Baring-Gould, M.A., J.P. (to give him his full title), are as numerous as his tastes are manifold. The duties of Lord of the Manor of Lew Trenchard, Rector of the parish, and Justice of the Peace for Devonshire make large demands upon his time; yet from his fertile brain and busy pen have emanated those religious, historical, descriptive, and fictional works which have made his name so familiar as that of a prolific writer. An authority on all local myths and superstitions, and an antiquary who has done good service, not only in the western counties, but among the dolmens of France and the caves of the reindeer epoch in the south, he is anything but a recluse or a bookworm, being fond of society and the amenities of life generally, a teller of good stories, a humourist with a pretty wit, and yet a good parish priest, a churchman of pronounced views, and an exemplary landlord.

The founder of the family was John Gold, or Gould, a Crusader, who was the first to plant the standard on the walls of Damietta in 1217, and he was granted an estate at Scarborough, in Somerset, for his valour, by Ralph de Vaux, in 1220. At Scarborough the family remained until 1555, when the then

John Gould was murdered while hawking by a neighbour, and the Scarborough estate passed to his sisters. The uncles of this John Gould were John Gould, who in 1518 settled at Staverton, Devon, and James Gould, the ancestors of the Goulds now represented by Lord Tredegar. The Goulds remained at Staverton till 1770. In 1625 Lew Trenchard was obtained by purchase, and became the residence of a junior branch, till the extinction of the elder in 1726, when both estates were united in the same hands.

Sir Redvers Buller obtains his estate of Downes through another branch of the Staverton Goulds, the heiress of that branch having married James Buller of Morval in 1739. Another branch of the Staverton Goulds settled in Nottinghamshire, in the middle of the last century, at Mansfield Woodhouse. Edward Gould of that place married Lady Barbara Yelverton, only child of the Earl of Sussex, and his son, Henry, inherited the barony of Grey de Ruthyn, and assumed the name of Yelverton, by royal license, in 1800. This branch is now represented by the Earl of Loudoun. The heiress of the Lew Trenchard and Staverton Goulds married Charles Baring, brother of Sir Francis Baring, Bart., and her son, William, to succeed to the family property, was required to assume the name and arms of Gould in addition to Baring in 1795. This was the grandfather of the subject of this paper.

On entering the Manor House of Lew Trenchard, you pass through the hall into the drawing-room, and if it be afternoon, and visitors are calling, you may find your host sharing with Mrs. Baring-Gould the pleasure of entertaining them. But one connects an author more naturally with his study: and this proves to be a very charming den, divided, after the manner of all well-regulated dens, into lighter and darker portions. Here the lion spends his mornings, writing, in the brighter part near the large windows; while the remainder of the study, on the other side of a screen of double book-shelves, has that subdued light which is conducive to meditation, and by its remoteness from the windows enhances the quietude and cosiness of evening. But being singularly unassuming, and the last man to speak of himself, if more is to be learnt about the occupant of the den than can be gleaned from the inside of his books, questions must be put with that end in view. And so the catechism begins.

His first book, he informs me, referring to his shelves to refresh his memory, was "The Path of the Just," 1857. In 1861 he travelled, and wrote "Iceland; Its Scenes and Sagas," published in 1862. In 1865 he published a work on the later "Post-Medieval Preachers"—i.e., a number of great and eloquent preachers who rose up in the Roman Church immediately after the Reformation. In 1866 appeared his "Curious Myths of the Middle Ages," containing articles upon the Wandering Jew, the Man in the Moon, the Seven Sleepers of Ephesus, &c. He was engaged from 1871-7 in writing the "Lives of the Saints," fifteen volumes, for a publisher that failed before its completion. This was a work of infinite labour and profuse reading. It is mainly based on the vast collections of the Bollandists, which comprise the original materials in fifty-six folio volumes. These were begun in 1734, and have at present reached the end of October, thirteen volumes being given up to October alone. Owing to the independent line taken and severe criticism expressed on some of the legendary lives, the "Lives of the Saints" of Mr. Baring-Gould was put by Rome in the "Index."



THE MANOR HOUSE, LEW TRENCHARD, THE RESIDENCE OF MR. BARING-GOULD.

Besides these works, various sermons, stories for the S.P.C.K., and other books of a religious tone testify that he has been far from neglectful of the claims of the Church upon his genius, while, as the writer of the hymns "Onward, Christian Soldiers," "Through the night of doubt and sorrow," and "Now the day is over," besides a collection

a plot from it. Thus, when in Rome one winter for his health, growing impatient of walls and pavements, his heart went out to the wilds of Dartmoor; in imagination he breathed the moor air, heard the rush of torrents, scrambled up the granite tors, forgot the Italian pension, and wrote "Urith."

But scene, by-the-way, influences graver work than that writing of novels, which he speaks of so disparagingly as a "relaxation of the mind" and "a diverting of thought from more serious matters." An instance of this is seen in his "Tragedies of the Cæsars," two volumes, recently published. When in Rome, he looked at the busts of the emperors, came to regard them as men, with their characters delineated in their features, and then began to think, read, and write about them. And as he progressed—his preference being for any work requiring research and study—this proved a real labour of love; to use his own expression, he was "fascinated—it was perfect enjoyment." It is gratifying to add that, though a risky undertaking in point of selling merit, it has, nevertheless, turned out happily; the first edition is exhausted, and a second now in course of production.

As to his novels, it appears that he has written about a dozen of them, the most recent, not yet published, being "The Queen of Love," a tale of the Cheshire salt district. His idea is to write stories on the various districts of England: it transpires that he has thus far written on Cornwall, Devon, Essex, Yorkshire, Cheshire, and the Fens, and he proposes shortly to go north, to the Roman Wall, in search of pastures new, without, however, at present (as he remarks), having the slightest idea of a plot.

"How long does it take you to write a novel?"

"I may have roughly thought out the plot for some time; but when I begin to write it takes me three months hard at it."

"And now about your magazine articles: have you ever had any refused?"

"Yes, heaps; and do now. I have drawers full of failures!"

"This should encourage feeble folk, at all events. Do you think those articles that have been refused are intrinsically inferior to your published papers?"

"Certainly not. As a matter of fact, many of them are much better; but so much depends upon the style, temper, and palate of editors."

"Does any other member of your family besides yourself figure at all in literature?"

"No."

"Then, in that case the remark of the lady, in the story so often told of you, must have been rather embarrassing, when, on your being introduced to her, she remarked with a pretty simper: 'Now, tell me, are you the good Mr. Baring-Gould who writes those exquisite sermons, or that other Mr. Baring-Gould who writes those lovely novels?'"

"It might have been rather embarrassing—to the lady, if it had ever happened, but I never heard the story before."

"And how do you get on with the critics?"

"I never read any criticisms of my books if I can possibly avoid it;



THE DRAWING-ROOM.

of "Church Songs," intended to provide a church substitute for Moody and Sankey hymns, there is sufficient evidence that his spirit of sacred verse is of no mean order.

But his love of travel, the education and equipment of "olive-branches," the enlargement of his house, and the increase of a valuable library—for he is a great reader—have necessitated in between whiles a more paying style of literature, and hence his novels.

"How did you come to write a novel?" one asks in the course of conversation.

"Well, as a boy, I was always expected to tell stories at school, and so got into the way of inventing them."

"Which was your first one?"

"A story of the French Revolution; but it did not sell. My first paying book was not a novel, but my 'Myths.'"

"Do you like writing novels?"

"Hate having to do it; but these are bad times for landlords and parsons; and for one with a large family it is, unfortunately, necessary to write what people will buy."

"Which do you consider your typical story?"

"Well, I am generally called the 'Author of Mehalah'; but that is rather amusing, considering it was submitted to one publisher after another, and refused, until Smith and Elder came to the rescue and offered £50."

"And how do you get your characters, and set about writing a novel?"

"I never choose living people for my characters—never. A place that I have seen and been interested in leaves a strong impression on my imagination, and then, somehow, characters and plot accommodate themselves to the background. Although I don't like writing novels, I get very interested in my characters and story as I go on, and am often struck by the way in which one's characters take the bit in their mouths, and run away and develop the story for themselves; so that not infrequently a tale ends not by any means as I had originally intended it to end."

As showing how scene influences a story, he tells me that one day he was cruising on the Blackwater among mudflats and wildfowl, and that he lunched at a ruined farm built on arches above a marsh, with no glass in the windows, and the raw wind howling about him. The consequence of this was a violent chill. As he lay tossing on his bed that night, he was in the marshes again, in thought, listening to the moaning wind and the lap of the tide: and "Mehalah" naturally arose out of it all—a tragic, gloomy tale.

But it appears that he must be removed from the scene that has struck his fancy before he can focus



THE HALL.

they make me so utterly miserable. I always have a nervous feeling after having published a book, as if I would like to run away and hide—just as if I had committed a crime.”

“And yet I read such criticisms as these: ‘Great strength and originality; freshness and vigour in description; a powerful writer; novels far above the average,’ &c. Come, that’s not so bad, as critics go.”

“Well, I hardly ever read a novel, so cannot say much about the general run.”

“Then, have you nothing good to say of the critics?”

“Yes, I ought to add that some of them did me a good turn, for when ‘Arminel’ was reviewed as being ‘devoid of plot’ I set to work and wrote ‘By the Roar of the Sea,’ filled to the brim with tragedy and bubbling over with plot.”

“And that went like anything?”

“Yes.”

“As you know, beginners usually suppose that success simply depends upon help at first—introduction to publishers, and so on. Was this so in your case?”

“Quite the reverse. My father’s tastes lay in an entirely opposite direction. He was passionately fond of engineering in all its branches, and had not the historic sense, consequently he discouraged my antiquarian and literary pursuits. I, however, began measuring and planning ‘The Dolmens’ in the south of France, when I was fifteen, and in the winter of 1849-50 exhumed a Roman villa with rich mosaic pavement near Pau, in the Basses Pyrenées, and so acquired a love for antiquities in general. As for my writing, any success I may have achieved is due solely to my having persevered, in spite of many snubs: a kind of encouragement—to humility, which, I may say, I still continue to receive.”

“It is a far cry from ‘Lives of the Saints’ to ‘Red Spider,’ from the ‘Tragedies of the Cæsars’ to ‘Mrs. Curgenven.’ Now, will you tell me which of your widely differing books do you expect to be best remembered by?”

“I believe the most lasting thing will turn out to be my four-year-old hobby, ‘Folk Music of the West of England.’”

“This has been hitherto quite an unworked field?”

“Yes, and it is quickly narrowing every year, as the old songs get more and more lost. Historic work others can do, and better than myself; novels others can and will write in *secula seculorum*; but when the old men who recall the traditional music of our people are dead—and that will be in a very few years—then the work of collecting reverently and lovingly from their lips the old Celtic music of Cornwall and Devon will be gone past recall.”

The manuscript of these songs proves, on inspection, a most interesting volume. Every variation of words or melody is set down, according to locality, with neatness and accuracy. In all, 352 songs have been rescued from oblivion, 110 of which, harmonised by his collaborator, the Rev. Fleetwood Sheppard, have been already published. The Cornish melodies, Mr. Baring-Gould thinks, have been influenced overmuch by Wesleyan hymnody: this is not at all the case with those of Devon. Many of the melodies are in old Church modes, in which nothing has been composed for 200 years; the metres and character of airs range from those of the early ballad to those that were common in the Dibun period.

To gain a good idea of these songs you cannot do better than listen to your host as, to the piano accompaniment of one of his daughters, he sings of an evening a succession of them in the Devon dialect with quaint pathos or rollicking humour. For the time one might fancy the singer to be some bygone Dartmoor hind, enlivening a group of old gaffers over their pipes and mugs in the parlour of some village “pub.”

This is quite characteristic of the man. He believes the secret of doing a thing well to be the losing of self in subject, or, at all events, in the surroundings; and he is, doubtless, correct in this. Certainly, he has a surprising power of enthusiasm for any pursuit he may have in hand. Whether one sees him planning Cornish circles or opening barrows, superintending the workmen on his estate, arranging his flint tools from the caves, or brooding over a chapter in his last new book, his whole mind is engrossed in the affair, to the exclusion of all else. And, what is not over common, this concentration of attention and activity of intellect are accompanied by a minimum of irritability and brusqueness; while—what is, perhaps, still less common—his affability and genial courtesy of manner are not restricted to those who enjoy his friendship or acquaintance beyond his own hearth, but are dispensed among his own people in the ordinary routine of domestic life. His “Cæsars” bears the touching inscription—“Dedicated to my Wife, on our Silver Wedding, 1892; Prov. xxxi. 10, 11.” Spare moments find him playing with one or other of his children; and it appears the regular thing for the younger ones to come in at breakfast time, stand round their father, and be fed from a fork with choice morsels; opening their mouths in due sequence, like a nest of young birds awaiting, in placid patience, the gifts of the gods.

But with the opening of the letters there begins the more serious task of the day. It so happened that on the last morning of my visit there arrived some woodcuts of Exmoor farms and orchards, with a request from a magazine editor for a paper to accompany them. And so I left the author of “Mehalah”; children; novels, barrows, songs, flints put aside, and his whole mind absorbed for the time upon—

A. H. MALAN.

A MODERN SIBYL.

It has often been advanced as an argument against cultivating the power of clairvoyance that no useful discovery has ever been made by this means. But Miss Maud Lancaster claims to have found out things



Photo by F. Greene, Oxford Street, W.

MISS MAUD LANCASTER.

through the medium of the bowl which would have puzzled the most expert of detectives. All kinds of people gather round this modern sibyl, and ask her for advice about their future. And she says she feels overwhelmed with other people’s troubles, and often cannot sleep for thinking of the secrets she knows.

“How is it you see visions in the bowl?” asked the interviewer.

“People and places come into it,” replied Miss Lancaster, “first dimly, and then they get clear. I cannot see anything in the bowl by myself—someone must

sit with me, but after I have once started it I could go on for a while after they left. The same way in thought-reading—I see things blurred at first, and then they gradually clear themselves. A number of figures come dancing before me, all in a jumble—twos, and threes, and fives—then they suddenly get in a line and become distinct. Court cards, now, are very difficult to see, they are all so much alike. I see a haze of colours first, so I know it is a court card, and then gradually they get into place, and I can see whether it is the queen or the knave.”

“What feats do you principally accomplish in thought-reading, Miss Lancaster?”

“My programme generally contains five items,” replied the thought-reader—“finding a pin, presenting flowers to ladies chosen by the audience during my absence, finding and returning stolen property, choosing a card and naming it blindfold, and detecting a supposed murder.”

“And when did you begin to do thought-reading?”

“Ever since I was a little girl. It is a gift I have always had. My father encouraged me to exercise the power, and we used to have most interesting evenings together. He was a clergyman, you know, and he had a fine library at that time. He used to tell me to go to his study, and will that I should fetch him a certain book. I used to go into the study blindfold and alone, and never failed to find the right book, even if I had to climb on the step-ladder to reach it. When I returned I used to tell him the title of the work, and open the volume at the page of which he was thinking, and put my finger on the passage which was in his mind. My father took great interest in this gift, and the first time I appeared upon the platform—it was for a charity at Wrexham—my father was with me. The following midsummer I came up to town—it is six years since—and I got some private engagements. I never appear in public without learning something fresh about my work and finding out how I am influenced. When I am going to do thought-reading I have my mind perfectly blank. If I thought, I could do nothing at all. I feel full of electricity, and I am moved by the wills which are concentrated on me. I feel as if I were being led by the finger-tips, my hands are drawn up, and I feel as if they were guided, so that they are exactly in the right place by the time I reach the object I have to touch. If the power was exercised on me from the gallery, I should know it came from there—I should feel as if someone were, lifting me up by the arms. Some people affect me more than others. I can feel the difference as I pass up the hall.”

“You have stood some very severe tests in the course of your public experiences?”

“Yes, particularly in connection with the ‘Detected Murder.’ You know how it is done? They pretend to murder a man with a penknife, and then they lay six or seven knives on the table, and I am to find out the one they used. Well, at Manchester they thought they would lay a trap for me. So they did not put the knife on the table with the others, but hid it under the matting at the other end of the hall. And they did not pretend to do the murder with the knife, but with the corkscrew which it contained. And I hovered over the table, and I felt that the knife was not there, and then I went straight down the hall, and groped under the cocoanut matting, and when I found the supposed victim I did not dig the knife at him straight, but my hand seemed to be caught and turned up several times as though I were digging a corkscrew into something. I could not imagine what the action meant, but I knew it was right when I heard the burst of applause.”

“You certainly have an extraordinary gift. How do you account for it yourself?”

“I don’t believe in Spiritualism,” said Miss Lancaster; “I believe I am clairvoyant, that is all. I am a seventh child—I don’t know if that accounts for it at all.” And here the thought-reader gives one of her curious smiles which light up her face as a sunbeam lights up a dark landscape.

L. H. A.

SHOOTING THE CHUTES AT BOYTON'S.

I did not at all like the idea at first. I'm no sailor and I cannot swim, and so, though the chute as represented on the posters looked tempting enough, it was with much misgiving that I departed for Brompton.



"JUST GO DOWN TO BOYTON'S SHOW AND CHUTE YOURSELF."

Luckily, I found Captain Boyton without much trouble, and felt somewhat reassured by his promise to take me down the chute himself.

"Accidents?" said he, in reply to my anxious inquiry: "my dear Sir, we never have such a thing. You can't have a safer amusement. You see, people would not risk a ducking, however enjoyable the fun might be. So we have taken every care, and it's as safe as sitting on the floor. But you come round to me after the show is over, and you shall see for yourself."

The Water Show was just about to commence, and the Captain hurried off to take charge of affairs. The boat racing, the ballet, the high diving, the great walrus hunt, and the rest of the show were nearly over when



"ACCIDENTS?"



A SAILOR.

I made my way round to the back of the platform from which the performances are conducted. Many of the dressing-rooms for the employés are built under the slope of the chute, and several boatloads of sailors and lady-rowers were unloading. I joined Captain Boyton at the foot of the chute, and as we walked up the steep slope he explained why the water was not running down the chute

as I expected. It appeared that he had had some difficulty in getting the great slope made quite watertight, and, as the water got through into the dressing-rooms underneath, the "rapid" had to be suspended until they had finished covering the chute with watertight canvas. From the



STARTING—WITH MISGIVINGS.

platform at the top, 90 ft. above the lake level, the chute slopes away for about 100 yards, a length and fall sufficient to give the toboggans or boats a tremendous rate of speed as they enter the lake. A boat was being held in position on the slope by several men.

The Captain jumped in, and, whispering to myself, "Do not hesitate to chute," I followed. It did not seem such inviting fun as it had while the performers in the show had been going down, but there was no

time for reflection, for a hearty shove started us on our journey. The sensation of the popular "switchback" multiplied a hundredfold gives a fair idea of the experience of going down the chute. The boat travels quite smoothly on the slippery surface. We gather way as we go. Faster and faster we fly down. The lake rushes up to meet us. I make up my mind that we shall make a hole right down to the bottom, when, with a crash, we strike the lake. A huge cloud of white foam shoots up into the air all round us: the boat gives a tremendous lurch forward: more foam, another lurch, and then, to my great joy, we are shooting, dry and unharmed, over the bosom of the lake. A dexterous sweep of the steering oar, and we bring up, broadside on to the landing place.



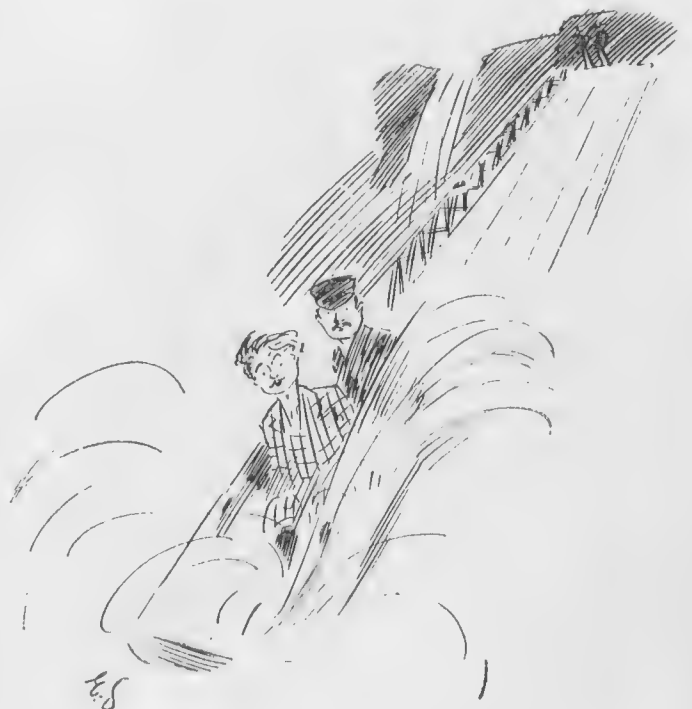
HALF-WAY DOWN: "CAPTAIN, IF YOU WOULDN'T MIND STOPPING, I'LL GET OUT."

The Captain asks me how I like it; I tell him I like it so much that I intend "chuting" till the show closes. "I thought as much," says he. "You should come in the evening, when we have the whole place lit up with fairy lamps. It's a pretty sight then to see the boats shooting down, with the lake bright with little gleams of colour." "Caught on?"



THAT LAST TEN YARDS!

"Well, I guess so. Our great trouble is to get the people to stop at closing time. When once they've been on they won't leave off. We keep it going up till eleven o'clock, but even then we can't persuade them to come off. They plead for just one more, and then for one to wind up with, and then for a finisher, and then one for luck; so we have to be strict." "Is the chute a new idea?" "Well, not entirely. We've had something of the sort before, but not nearly on the same scale."



PIERRE AND HIS PEOPLE.

A CHAT WITH MR. GILBERT PARKER.

Till comparatively lately Canada was an unknown land to most readers of modern fiction; then Mr. Gilbert Parker arose, and in a series of remarkable stories, afterwards published under the title of "Pierre and His People," showed what a wealth of material lay buried in both the old and new world Dominion. Then followed in quick succession the exquisite "Parables of a Province" and a novel, "The Chief Factor," in which the author strove with success to invest with romance the early history of the famous Hudson's Bay Company, which even now holds somewhat the same sway in the far North-West as that which once belonged to John Company in the far East.

It is difficult to realise (writes our representative) that Mr. Gilbert Parker's keen dark face owes nothing to a French ancestor or ancestress, but he cheerfully repels the insinuation, and tells you in a few picturesque words the story of his childhood and youth. The son of a British artillery officer, who went out to Canada with Sir John Colborne first in the early thirties, he was born in 1861, and spent his childhood in the Dominion, and he cannot remember the time when he was not devoted to books. "It would be difficult for me to tell," he says, smiling, in answer to a question, "what books influenced me as a lad. Before I was eighteen I knew twelve plays of Shakspeare by heart, and Dickens, Scott, Thackeray, Molière, Corneille, Racine filled the world I lived in—partly, I suppose, because I did not come across many more modern works of fiction and poetry."

"No, I did not begin writing fiction phenomenally early," he continued. "I first thought of making medicine my profession, but my people wished me to go into the Church, and I actually went through all my theological studies; but it was only too clear that my real *métier* was literature, and so, at the last moment, I did not take priest's orders; not from any scruple of conscience, but because I felt that my life was wrapt up, if not in the making of books, at least in reading and talking about them; for even at that period I was a lecturer on these subjects, and had written much verse, which, however, I have never thought worth while reprinting in volume form—I did not think the world needed it—though I liked it pretty well myself until it had got into cold type. Poetry, like fiction, should be new: I was doing what many another could do. For some time I held a lectureship in Trinity College, Toronto, and might have been there still had it not been that my health broke down, and I was ordered to go to the South Seas."

"And this voyage, I suppose, gave you a chance of beginning your story-writing?"

"Yes; and I did write, but published very little indeed. I put the stuff away, and tried telling the stories to my friends. By that means I came to an idea of what was effective. Then I delivered a series of popular lectures on literary subjects in Australia, which led to the editor of the *Sydney Morning Herald* asking me to write 'A Stranger's Impressions of the Country,' and this series of articles resulted in my finally becoming associate editor of that paper. So you see I have also been a journalist in my time, and may claim to have seen newspaper life under the most favourable conditions, for my proprietors, Messrs. Fairfax, of Sydney, were most liberal and generous from every point of view, and while with them I travelled a great deal for the paper as a special commissioner to the 'Lotos Isles' and elsewhere, being treated with rare courtesy and kindness by those with whom it was my good fortune to work. Meanwhile, I was busy play-writing, and my adaptations of 'Faust' and 'The Vendetta' were produced in Sydney by George Rignold and in America. Two of my plays are to have their hour with London audiences soon."

"I came to London just three years ago, and then for the first time gave up my thoughts almost wholly to fiction—though I contributed articles

to magazines and newspapers also at the start. I wrote a few stories, and was fortunate from the first in getting them accepted by those editors to whom I sent them, among whom I may mention Dr. Donald Macleod, of *Good Words*, Mr. Mowbray Morris, of *Macmillan's Magazine*, Mr. W. E. Henley, of the *National Observer*, and Mr. Wemyss Reid, of the *Speaker*. But before entering on my work seriously I went back to Canada in 1890 to refresh, as it were, my old impressions of the country—again, at the end of last year, I did the same, returning in March last."

"I suppose that you take constant notes for your plots and ideas?"

"No, indeed; all the notes I have ever taken could be written on half-a-dozen sheets of note-paper; but I think over my stories a great deal—and I let time pass; I believe that distance gives a sense of selection. Often after having written a story 'in the heat,' as it were, I put it aside for the time and go over it all again ruthlessly when I am cynical—how one wishes one could be less sympathetic with one's self! But writers differ in their methods. For instance, when I have got a story so thoroughly worked down in my mind that it is simply a case of dramatic telling I am able to dictate it slowly; but I do most of my writing myself."

"Are you a methodical worker?"

"A great deal yes, and a little no."

"That is ambiguous."

"I try to get, at least, three hours' writing a day, but I have at times written a great deal more, and then, again, if I do not feel like producing, I put my work aside for the day; but my habits of work are very regular indeed—seven o'clock finds me out of doors, nine at my desk."

"I suppose that your Australian experiences have already been of use to you in your writing?"

"Oh, yes; I have written many South Sea and Australian stories, and in the latest book I published, 'Mrs. Falchion,' which is really a study of a woman's character, the story opens in Australia and ends in Canada."

"Generally speaking, faithful to the Dominion?"

"Yes; I am never so happy as when writing in some form or another on Pierre and his people."

"As you are doing in 'The Trail of the Sword,' now running in the *Illustrated London News*?"

"Yes. By-the-way, a very curious thing happened to me in connection with this story the other day. I wished to take for my chief character Du Lhut, a noted *coureur de bois*. I happened to mention this to Conan Doyle, who, somewhat to my dismay, told me he had put the same man into his 'Refugees'; so, of course, I had to put Du Lhut out of my mind. Conan Doyle is certainly a clever fellow. Although he

has never been in the Dominion, his description of the refugees' adventures in Canada are extraordinarily truthful and vivid—even more so, to my feeling, than those passages dealing with France and French life."

"But you managed to find another hero, I suppose?"

"Readily. My hero had one of the most fascinating personalities that the world was ever cognisant of—courtier, horseman, sailor, soldier, filibuster, discoverer—Pierre Le Moyne of Iberville. In old Quebec, the other day, I resurrected him, and sent him travelling in his old trails. Baron de Longueuil, here in London, is one of his descendants."

"BACK TEETH UNDER WATER."

Every day, it would seem, the function of afternoon tea becomes more fashionable, and the number of teas which ladies (and men, too, for that matter) attend in a single afternoon is really marvellous—not only attend, but take an active part in—that is, in the way of consumption of the Chinese or Indian infusion. A young American lady, the other afternoon, professed her ability to drink any number of cups of tea; but even she confessed that, on visiting her seventh hostess, "fain would she, but she could no more." "I guess," she observed, more forcibly than politely, "I'm done with tea for this afternoon; my back teeth are under water."



Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

MR. GILBERT PARKER.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.



BY THE HON. BLANCHE DUNDAS.

A bustling scene, some fifty years ago. A crowded inn, with jostling men-servants, valets, ostlers running hither and thither. For are not the races—the great race week of the north—to begin to-morrow?

Into this confused courtyard of the old inn entered quietly a carriage, the occupants of which looked aghast at the scene into which they had unwittingly driven.

"Oh! Mamma," exclaimed one of the new-comers, poking a fair head and lovely face out of the carriage window, "we shall never get rooms here. Whatever is going on?"

"We must get rooms here. Mamma is not fit to travel further to-day." The speaker, evidently an elder sister, and with little of the beauty of the younger girl, descended from the carriage, and, accompanied by man and maid, went at once to engage rooms in the inn, with an air of taking no refusal. Rooms she would have, it was plain. A fragile, refined lady in widow's weeds waited wearily in a corner of the carriage, while the younger girl yawned and looked with idle curiosity at the busy throng.

"Get out, Alessimon," said her sister, reappearing at last. "We have got rooms after a fashion, and Mamma must go at once to hers. We have only one for her and me, and you will be obliged to be by yourself some way from us. It can't be helped, the inn is so full; we are lucky to get rooms at all."

Alessimon descended quickly, and proved to be a tall and exceedingly handsome girl of seventeen.

Evening came on apace. Lady Haugh and her daughters were separating for the night, though it was early; but they were all tired, and, besides, they had to start betimes the next morning. Alessimon hugged her mother, girl fashion, and taking up the large, old-fashioned candlestick, went off to her room—down a passage, across a landing, then to the left, down some steps, and finally stood at the end of an enormously long corridor running the whole length of the inn, with door after door each exactly like the other on either side. Alessimon sped to the room in which she desecrated their maid through the half-open door unpacking.

"Oh, that will do, Hastings," she cried. "I can get out the rest for myself. Mamma wants you. Oh, I am sleepy," she finished, flinging herself down on the bed.

"Well, Miss Alessimon, I will go. Your room is No. —"

"Yes, yes, all right," heedlessly broke in Alessimon; "Mamma is waiting." The maid vanished.

Soon in her white dressing-gown Alessimon stood, her cornflower-blue eyes dark with sleep, her abundant brown-gold hair hanging in long thick plaits down her back, the ends untied, and breaking out into rippling golden tassels.

"One more kiss from mother I must have," she said, and, peeping out, noticed all was still. It was

the hour when masters and servants alike were dining, smoking, and otherwise refreshing themselves below. Alessimon glided along the silent passages rapidly. One more loving kiss from the gentle mother, and Alessimon triumphantly returned to the little dark bed-room. She noticed suddenly that she had still got on her rings—quaint, old-fashioned rings—one heart-shaped, given her by a girl-friend; that of Scotch pearls left her by her grandmother; a forget-me-not turquoise ring, found in an old cabinet. Alessimon hastily put the little glittering heap on the table, blew out her candle, and jumped into bed.

One in the morning, and the door of No. 17 was quietly opened by a tall, fine-looking young fellow, dressed in the height of fashion of the day, and unmistakably well-born. He put his candlestick down on the chest of drawers and began idly winding up his watch, still smiling at the recollection of his gay

companions' laughter and fun in the raftered dining-room below.

Suddenly a sound in the room! What was it? Was it a sigh, a gust of wind, what? No, nothing; and, humming gently to himself, the young man began to rummage in his portmanteau.



"Good Heavens, where am I? What is the matter?"

Ah! again that sound. Confound it! It was very odd. There, again like a sigh, uncommonly ghostly! Were his comrades playing a practical joke on him? He resolutely took up his candle to look. One glance at the bed, and it was explained. A girl, a young girl apparently, from the long tassels of golden-brown hair which lay on the coverlet, was asleep in the bed. He saw little of her, for the curtain fell half across the sleeping figure, whose face was turned from him; only one fair white hand and those tresses of loosely woven hair were visible. He stood appalled.

That *was* his room, surely? Yes, for there was—in a dark corner, it was true—his portmanteau, which he had just now been ransacking, and, besides, No. 17 was his room, and this was No. 17, he knew. He had made no mistake there, so he was amazed. A racket of roistering men, noisy valets, was resounding through the house, as the various convivial parties were breaking up and the *viveurs* seeking their rooms.

Just then the sleeper seemed to be rousing. The unknown rushed to his door, locked it, went to the fireplace, deposited on the mantelpiece the light, turned his back on the bed and spoke.

"Are you awake?"

"Awake! Good Heavens, where am I? What is the matter?"

"Hush! do not speak so loud. Be quiet and listen to me. You have evidently made a mistake. You have come to my room, No. 17, instead of your own." A sound as of a desperate movement made him continue quickly, but firmly, "You must be quiet, and do as I tell you, which is this: try and recollect where your room is and its number. When the inn is silent I will go in search of it. I shall take a lighted candle, put it in the room, and leave the door open; then I will return to you, but you must keep absolutely quiet here till I have been successful in finding your room. Then I will keep turned away from you while you get up. Leave my room, and go to your own, which I shall know you have reached safely by your putting out in the passage my lighted candle. I will not see you, now or then, so you need never fear recognition."

As he finished, this true knight drew up the armchair to the fireplace with its back to the bed, placed himself in it, and prepared to wait, while pondering with intensest interest who the owner of the white hand and ruddy locks could be. Young, evidently, from the round, dimpled hand and rosy finger-tips; and the hair—well, that spoke for itself in its abundance.

Horror at her mistake first kept Alessimon silent. Then, slowly, and with evident distress, she spoke.

"I—I thought this was my room. I went to kiss Mamma, and came back here. Whatever shall I do?"

"Do as I tell you," he said quietly, "and no one need ever be the wiser." A long silence followed, and the girl lay motionless as one dead.

Would the sounds in the inn never cease? When all was still, seemingly, yet would come another laggard, troling the song last sung by his boon companions, or rapping at a comrade's door as he passed it.

At last all was still.

Then the girl spoke, to the unknown's great and secret joy. He had been longing to hear her voice again.

Dame Nature had at Alessimon's birth dowered her richly, and among other gifts had given her that most attractive one of a musical voice, low, clear, and full—a delicious voice. Her sister used to say that she often provoked Alessimon to speech for the sheer delight of listening to the tones of the reply.

"Now," said Alessimon, "you can surely go. Oh, do—do quickly! But, please, first promise me one thing: you will never, never, never, anyhow or by any way, try to find out who I am. Promise—promise!"

He felt instinctively that the girl had raised herself in bed, and had put those fair, dimpled hands together in an attitude of entreaty.

A pause.

"I promise you on my honour," was the solemn answer.

He heard a deep-drawn sigh of relief. Then there followed a hasty and confused attempt on Alessimon's part to guide him to her room, the number of which even she did not recollect. He left to search.

"I have found your room," said he, returning at last. "It is in this passage and on this side—to your right." And once more he took up his position by the fireplace.

Then he knew, as though he saw, that like a flash of summer lightning the white-robed figure had darted through the open door of his room and fled down the corridor. He listened. Soon came the sound of the click of a lock turned with caution. He rose, looked along



He gathered her into his strong arms.

the passage: all was dark, save some way down flickered the light from a candlestick deposited on the floor. He sped to it, took it up, and was going to raise it to see the number on the door. "No," said he, checking the action and smiling grimly to himself, "I won't do even that. I will keep my promise."

Nine years had passed, and again Lady Haugh was a traveller. This time in a foreign watering place, in the Platz of which she was sitting under the shade of pink-flowering oleander trees, growing in green boxes, and waiting for the *table d'hôte* bell to ring. By her side sat Alessimon, handsome as ever; nor had the sunniness of girlhood yet passed out of the thick coils of hair. Her eyes, of that deep cornflower-blue, were as soft and shadowy as of yore as she gazed up at the pink blossoms overhead, while the shapely hands, unadorned by any rings, rested folded in her lap. The bell clanged out at last.

"I wonder who will sit next to us here?" said Lady Haugh, daintily shrugging her shoulders.

"Somebody who will eat like a Christian, I hope," responded Alessimon, laughingly. "I am tired of seeing conjuring tricks with knives."

When Alessimon took her seat at the *table d'hôte* she found that a strange gentleman was her right-hand neighbour. A Briton unmistakably; tall, well-made, clean-shaven, save for a long, wiry brown moustache. He had a subdued air of melancholy about him, apart from the superb indifference assumed by the travelling Englishman generally.

"Mother," exclaimed Alessimon, as a light breeze came in at the open door, "do you feel a draught? I will fetch you your shawl. It is best to be on the safe side."

As she spoke, her neighbour started suddenly, looked up quickly, and gazed steadily into her face with evidently a newly awakened interest.

"Cannot I get it for you?" he said courteously, still regarding her, and listening with a curious intentness for her reply.

"Oh, no, thank you," answered Alessimon in that delicious voice of hers, which invested with a strange attractiveness all she said; "besides, my mother's maid is out, so you could not get hold of her. Really, it is only I who can get the shawl." And she went quickly through the open door, he looking steadfastly after the white-robed figure as it passed in and out of thealcanders.

"My dear Alessimon," said her mother, a few days later, "I don't think you have profited much by your new neighbour's acquaintance. He seems rather melancholy. I wonder who he is."

"I don't find him melancholy," replied Alessimon, as she bent over a bunch of Edelweiss she held in her hand, and rubbed the soft, velvety petals against her cheek; "and I have found out who he is—Sir Niel Niel, of Niel Castle."

"Oh—h—h! And did he give you that Edelweiss, my dear?" said Lady Haugh, mischievously.

Alessimon discreetly forebore answering, and left the room.

Ten months later, and Lady Niel was sitting at the open window of her bed-room, gazing out. It was really a lovely scene to look upon. Fair beech-trees coming into leaf out of their silken sheaths, green, feathery larches clothing the sides of the brae, while here and there a deep red scar jutted out, and made turbulent the waters of the burn flowing along the glen. Her home was beautiful, and Alessimon was happy, very happy; yet why had she lately been recalling her mother's incidental remark made months ago about Sir Niel being melancholy? But what she had truly said then was doubly true now; he was not melancholy with her. He was passionately attached to his wife—a loving, devoted husband. Yet, for all that, Alessimon knew that he had been melancholy. But that was not all. She was too honest not to acknowledge to herself the real reason of her musings. Alessimon had tried to put the thought from her but it was of no use: the wifely jealousy, the wee suspicion of curiosity would arise in spite of herself. What *was* that brown string Niel always wore round his neck? There! that was why the violet eyes were dreamily gazing now into space.

"Dreaming, my wife?" said Sir Niel, coming into her room and laying his hand with a caressing touch on her shoulder. He looked down on her smilingly. Alessimon's eyes wandered up to his face, but saw only the brown string round his neck. It came over her with a rush. Yes, now, now she would find it out. She took his hand into both hers, and rubbed her cheek softly against it, as she had done against his gift of Edelweiss months before. It was a soft, loving motion, natural to her.

"Niel, darling, I want to say something to you."

"Say on," said he, smiling.

"But perhaps you won't like it. It is to ask you something."

"You may ask me anything you like."

"No; but it is something—something—about—yourself, and you might not like to answer it—the question, I mean."

"Why, do you think I am an impostor?" said he, laughing.

"Come, Alessimon, say it out. What is bothering you?"

A deep flush rose to the wife's face, as she bent lower and lower over his hand.

"Oh, Niel, it is horrid of me, but what is that brown string you always wear?"

A sudden dark shadow dimmed the smile of lips and eyes in the husband's face as with a settled gravity that almost awed his wife he said quietly—

"You have a perfect right to ask me, and I will show you, but I can give you no explanation, remember." As he spoke he took off his neck the brown string. Something glittered at the end of it.

"There," said he, and placed the shining heap in her hand.

Her own rings! Lost ten years ago, that fatal night at the old inn.

"Niel! Niel!" shrieked Alessimon, springing wildly to her feet.

"My rings, my own rings! Where did you get them?"

"Then I am right," said Sir Niel, in a low, deep voice, "and it was you, Alessimon. Oh, how I have sought the world over to hear again that voice, for by it only could I find you out! It was the only clue I had, for I had so solemnly promised you not to try and discover who you were, and, Alessimon, I have loved you ever since. That day you spoke at the *table d'hôte* was the first time I felt anywhere near the finding of you. My God, I thank Thee," he added earnestly, as he gathered her into his strong arms, "for I have found you at last."

CAIRO IN CHICAGO.

Demetrius the Cairene, I call him. Being a good-natured fellow, he does not mind. But as a matter of fact he is a Greek by birth, and only an excellent Egyptian by adoption. To quote by the card, my friend is Professor Demetrius Moscanas, manager of the Egyptian Temple, World's Fair Exhibition, Chicago.

More than once the prospect of a little chat with Demetrius has seduced me within the gates of Cairo Street, Midway Plaisance. He saw fighting with Wolseley and Graham, and knew Cameron and other English "specials" on the tented field.

The department of Cairo Street over which Demetrius presides is the ancient Temple of Luxor—that is to say, a reproduction of the ancient temple. Here the visitor may look upon a colossal statue of Thi, a sarcophagus of the Sacred Bull of the later Ptolemaic period, and mummies of Rameses the Great and other monarchs of olden Egypt.

"They look very real, those mummies," I said; "almost as if they had risen and walked over the Atlantic from the Egyptian Museum in Cairo."

"Well," Demetrius replied, "I'm indebted for the compliment, and assure you the preparation of these models—may I use that word?—cost a great deal of trouble. Here we have Rameses the Second, oppressor of the Israelites; there Sethi the First, whose daughter found Moses; yonder Hirhor the First, father-in-law of King Solomon; and Nessi-Ta-Neb-Asser, the sister-in-law of King Solomon. So on and so on—interesting, don't you think?"

"What," I asked, "gave you the notion for the mummies, for, I suppose, something did?"

"Why," he told me, "it was the offer of a hundred and fifty thousand dollars made to have the real mummy of Rameses the Great here. Of course, such an offer would not, in any circumstances, have been so much as thought about by the Egyptian Government. But it occurred to me, why not have copies of the most famous Egyptian mummies at the World's Fair? You see you have them, although, indeed, the preparation of them occupied me a year and a half."

"Might I ask what is it the mummies are made of—a durable substance?"

"Of wax, with a mixture of sulphur and other materials to preserve the wax from melting. When I began I made the models of wax only, but I found that it melted under the effect of heat. As the models now are they will last for any time, and I think it may be claimed for them that they are as accurate reproductions of the originals as could be made."

As we stood talking there arose from a platform at the farther end of the temple weird strains of music—the sacred music, I was informed, of the ancient Egyptians. To this music, while a crowd of spectators looked on, a lithe Egyptian girl danced as her sisters of ancient Egypt danced before the kings—the sacred dance of the ancient Egyptians, the programme described it. Outside I found the donkey-boys, the camel-drivers, the vendors of Egyptian bric-à-brac, making as much noise as only such gentry can.

"Delighted. Come in." This from Mr. George Pangalo, the manager of Cairo Street, who organised the whole undertaking. Manager Pangalo is of English descent, and speaks English with as much polish as Arabic.

"I should very much like," he remarked to my first question, "to take Cairo Street to London when the Exhibition is over. I'm sure it would be a great success; for, really, to those who care to see Cairo without going there, it is very interesting. As you will have noticed, Cairo Street is on a much bigger scale than the Rue de Caire of the Paris Exposition. We don't reproduce any one street in Cairo; our Cairo Street is a composite structure, combining some of the most beautiful architectural features of Cairo. Take the reproduction of the house of Gamal el Din el Yahbi in Cairo; it's rather nice, isn't it? Or take our mosque of Cairo Street."

"How many people have you from Cairo to inhabit the street—two hundred, at least, I should think?"

"All told—dancing girls, snake charmers, musicians, vendors, donkey-drivers, and the rest of them—just over two hundred. This is my first venture in the illustration of Cairo from home, and it was not at every point altogether an easy thing. First, I had to get the people together—not a light matter, considering that they were rather afraid of the voyage across the sea. Eventually, however, we all embarked on a specially chartered English boat at Alexandria, and sailed for New York. A few days out it blew a bit of a storm, and the fears and tremors with which the people had started were augmented. A dancing girl came rushing up on deck one morning, threw herself down at my feet, and taking off all her jewellery, worth £300, offered it to me if I would only take her back to Alexandria. When the company got into a train at New York to come on to Chicago, the first thing one or two of the men did was to break several of the carriage windows. No, it was not mischief; they simply did not quite know where they were in such a gorgeous train. Arabs, Egyptians, Nubians, Soudanese, they all bore very well the cold weather they experienced on landing, but before we opened it tried their patience greatly having nothing to do."

Before leaving Cairo Street I saw Fahima Osman dance, and by chance ran up against Mohammed Ali, a Bisharin warrior. Fahima has the grace of a houri and the movement of an English girl brought up on cold baths and underdone steaks. As for Mohammed, the Bisharin, almost everybody takes him for a dainty woman, while he is merely the dude of the desert.

Oh! for an hour of his fine swagger in Piccadilly!

J. M.



MISS SYLVIA GREY: "DADDY HAS BOUGHT ME A BOW-WOW!"

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MESSRS. RUSSELL AND SONS, BAKER STREET, W.

THE HIGH PRIESTESS OF SKIRT DANCING.

A CHAT WITH MISS SYLVIA GREY.

The stage-door of the Gaiety Theatre is a magic portal, through which humble mortals find it by no means easy to force an entrance. If your business takes you to any of the other London theatres, you find, generally speaking, an "Open Sesame," but the kindly Cerberus who guards the entrance into the Temple of Terpsichore perchance sees even in a *Sketch* interviewer a member of the L.C.C., and requires a very authentic reason before he will allow you through. Still, once you have established your claim to an entrance, you cannot but admit that no more commodious and comfortable theatrical installation exists in London; everything is exquisitely clean and spick and span, and the cosy little dressing-room in which Miss Sylvia Grey received me (writes our representative) formed a charming frame to the dainty dancer.

"You must excuse my getting up," said Miss Grey, smiling. "I was unlucky enough to sprain my ankle at our *matinée* this afternoon, and I have had to sit still ever since," and with a wave of her hand she pointed sorrowfully to her, for the time being, useless little foot, which lay on a cushion, tenderly nursed by Mollic, the bow-wow whose nightly appearance in front is greeted with almost as much delight by "the boys" as her mistress.

"When did I first take up dancing? Well, when I first learnt how to stand. My people nicknamed me 'Jig-about,' because I never could be still. But I never thought of making dancing a specialty till I came here—to the Gaiety—where everybody must, at least, know how to dance before they can be of any good. But I always meant to be an actress, and, being fond of singing, went through a musical course at Trinity College. I made my *début*, when still a little girl, as Red Riding Hood in a pantomime, and, later, acted a child's part in 'New Men and Old Acres' at the Court Theatre with dear Ellen Terry, who has always been most kind to me, and whom I have known all my life."

"Then the credit of having brought you out as a dancer belongs to the Gaiety?"

"Yes, certainly; my first lessons were given to me in connection with this theatre, though, as I told you before, I was always devoted to dancing."

"And are you responsible for having started the skirt-dancing craze?" I inquired reproachfully.

"Well, of course, Kate Vaughan danced in long skirts long before my time; but society people only took it up about four years ago, since when I have taught a great many ladies."

"And in how many lessons can you teach a society maiden to become an accomplished skirt dancer?"

"It entirely depends on the pupil," answered Miss Grey, thoughtfully. "Sometimes I can actually teach a graceful girl one simple dance—something she can go and do—in our first lesson. But, then, you know, I charge three guineas a lesson," added the great dancer, demurely, "and so, of course, I not only take great trouble with them, but, if a pupil interests me, don't trouble about the time the lesson lasts. I am very proud of the dancers I have taught. For instance, one of the most delightful experiences I have ever had was teaching Ellen Terry and a number of her friends. We were allowed to use the Lyceum stage as schoolroom, but I need hardly say that Miss Terry is so exquisitely graceful that she did not need much tuition."

"And how about your costume? Apart from your views on skirt dancing, have you any views on dancing-skirts?"

"Mine are all made by Kate Fisher, the well-known theatrical costumière, and are each much after the same model—that is to say, made to fit closely over the hips, and then gathered in immensely wide folds to the ankle. I invariably wear tights and petticoats which match the colour of whatever skirt I happen to be wearing."

"And, I suppose, an ordinary ball bodice?"

"No, indeed, invariably a jersey. However much trimmed my bodice may look, you may be quite sure that the foundation is always a jersey;

I find they add so greatly to the gracefulness and ease of one's movements. Perhaps you would like to know," she added, "how I practise at home." In answer to an assenting look, she continued, "I practise all my new dances and steps in riding breeches! Thus, you see, if I make use of my skirt when dancing I do it in a natural manner, not as if I had practised every movement; but I am no advocate of making a great use of the skirts when dancing. You can be quite as graceful without them, and in our next Gaiety piece I am probably going to take a boy's part, in which case you will have an opportunity of seeing me dance without any adventitious aids at all."

"And what will your part be, Miss Grey?"

"Nothing is settled as yet, for I have not signed with Mr. Edwardes; we are still in the midst of negotiations. But the play, as you doubtless know, will be 'Don Juan.' I shall act the part of Donna Julia, and thus have to change twice into a boy—quite a new experience for me, I assure you."

"And what have been your favourite dances, and those the public have liked best?"

"I am devoted to the statue dance; you can't think what a lot of trouble I took over it. I went to the British Museum, and got prints and photographs of every well-known statue. I used to dance it at the Haymarket as well as here, and it was immensely popular, though you have no idea how audiences differ from day to day; those, for instance, whose one idea of enjoyment is hearing a music-hall song prefer something livelier than the statue dance. But my new dances always seem to please and 'catch on,' and I get the most amusing letters from the people in front."

"Do you ever answer those epistles, Miss Grey?" I ventured to inquire.

"Sometimes," she replied mysteriously, "but I never, never, never grant requests for my autograph, though I am very much afraid many of my kind unknown friends must think me very rude for not doing so. However, if they knew the reason they would sympathise with me; so I will confide it to you in the hope that this may catch the eye of some of them and ensure their pardon. One day I went to call with some friends on a young man at his rooms. Imagine my astonishment when I saw my photograph, with autograph appended, on his mantelpiece. 'Do you know this lady?' I inquired. 'I should think I do,' said he. 'I know her very well indeed, and she gave me this photograph.' 'Do you see her often?' I continued. 'Oh, yes, I wait for her at the Gaiety stage-door nearly every evening,' he answered glibly. 'Perhaps, I

said, giving him one look, 'you will be surprised to know that I am Sylvia Grey.' That was three years ago," said Miss Grey, regretfully, "and since then I have never given my autograph to any but intimate friends. Still, he must have been a little bit of a cad: don't you think so?" she queried pleadingly.

Our representative thought it unnecessary to answer this question, so, expressing a hope that she would soon recover from her accident, he bade his courteous and kindly little hostess "Au revoir," and passed once more through the Gaiety stage-door, feeling that he had learnt something worth knowing of the trials as well as of the triumphs of Terpsichore's youngest daughter.

The Council of the Royal Academy is about to inaugurate some important changes in its rules and regulations. One of them is as regards the amount of paintings sent in. Statistics show that this amount is steadily increasing. Last year it reached its highest. Imagine a party of well-intentioned but human gentlemen, condemned every spring for three days to sit in judgment on a rapidly moving display of some 11,000 pictures, good, bad, and indifferent—most of them indifferent—hoisted panoramically in front of their jaded eyes by a band of hot and dusty carpenters, and as hastily removed! Henceforward outsiders are to be limited to two pictures, while Academician and Associate are cut down from eight to six. This will considerably relieve the congestion, and the only persons who will really suffer by this change will be the portrait-painters, to whom quantity is an object.



Photo by Russell and Soles, Baker Street, W.

MISS GREY IN HER SKIRT DANCE AT THE GAIIETY THEATRE.

MISS HAIDEE CROFTON - MISS M A VICTOR



J AM ! LARIVAUDIÈRE !!

MR CHARLES DAVENPORT

MISS DELIMA MOORE



MR W BLAKELEY

MR STONET VALENTINE

M COURTICE POUNDS



MISS AMY AUGARDE

MISS DELIMA MOORE



MR WELTON PALE



"LA FILLE DE MADAME ANGOT," AT THE CRITERION THEATRE.

MISS CLARA WIELAND AS A DANCER.

From Photographs by Messrs. Russell and Sons, Baker Street, W.

Miss Clara Wieland, who has just made a very successful appearance at the Empire as a serpentine dancer, comes of a family already famous. She is a sister of Zoro, the accomplished acrobat, whose pictorial advertisement on the walls caused such excitement in the minds of certain County Councillors some time since. When one remembers that Miss Wieland is only fourteen, and has never appeared on the stage

than them all, Legnani. Miss Wieland has succeeded in finding some curves unattempted yet, some new ways of disappearing in the centre of a whirling cloud of colours. In this dance the dancer creates her own scenery, and it is the scenery rather than the dance that counts. The purists complain that it is not a dance at all. It is a development of skirt-dancing, in which the dancer almost entirely disappears—the eclipsing triumph of skirts,



before, her performance can be described as nothing less than remarkable. She has a pretty face, an extremely well developed figure, and she manipulates the serpentine skirts with much skill. With the admirable effects of luminous darkness and shifting coloured lights which we get at the Empire, her dance is charming to watch, even for the *blasé* person who has seen all the serpentine dancers—Jennie Joyce, Estrella Sylvia, Marie Leyton, Florrie Hooton, Florence Levey, and, far greater

with which, by-the-way, Miss Mary E. Fisher, the well-known theatrical costumier, has admirably equipped Miss Wieland. Certainly, there is only one step further, and that is a twirling automaton—Villiers de l'Isle-Adam's "Eve Future"—in the centre of eighty yards of white surah. Perhaps that is to be the dancing of the future. Meanwhile, let us congratulate ourselves that we are of the present, and that we have something to look at so living as Miss Clara Wieland.



A RUN THROUGH HOLLAND.

Holland is apparently becoming more and more popular as a holiday resort. Only a few years ago it was one of the last countries which would have suggested itself to the holiday-maker planning a trip to the Continent. Holland, he supposed, was a wet, flat, uninteresting place.



INTERIOR OF A ZEELAND HOUSE.

Its growing popularity is, doubtless, owing both to the improved means of reaching it and to the numerous books dealing with it which have of late years appeared. One of the most recent volumes of this sort is a little book of some two hundred pages, entitled "About Holland," which has been written by Mr. Greville E. Matheson on behalf of the well-known Queenborough-Flushing Line. It is carefully and brightly written, and how well it is illustrated may be seen from the specimens of its pictures here reproduced.

"Whoever looks for the first time at a large map of Holland," writes De Amicis, "wonders that a country so constituted can continue to exist. At the first glance, it is difficult to say whether land or water predominates, or whether Holland belongs most to the Continent or to the sea. Those broken and compressed coasts, those deep bays, those



A VIEW IN DORDRECHT.

great rivers that, losing the aspect of rivers, seem bringing new seas to the sea, and that sea, which, changing itself into rivers, penetrates the land and breaks it into archipelagoes, the lakes, the vast morasses, the canals crossing and recrossing each other, all combine to give the idea of a country that may at any moment disintegrate and disappear." The Dutch, as Mr. Matheson reminds us, have often been called amphibious, and more than one well-known writer has waxed witty at their expense.

"But nobody can visit Holland and come away without a great respect and admiration for a people who have so bravely and with such perseverance and ingenuity fought against the very elements for the strip of country which they inhabit and love."

"The visitor to Holland," continues Mr. Matheson, "wherever he goes, will find that he is travelling in the prints of olden wars. Each town and village that he may visit has its history, its own little history, which goes to make up the great story of the long struggle waged by the Dutch in the sixteenth century for freedom. A course of Motley will add much to the pleasures of a trip. 'The Rise of the Dutch Republic' and 'The United Netherlands' are somewhat bulky books to read, but the story of the Netherlands during their fierce, prolonged fight with the Spaniards is intensely interesting, and such towns as Leyden and Haarlem, for example, will be doubly worth a visit if the memorable siege of each is familiar to the visitor."

The province of Zeeland is one of the most interesting, and also one of the most neglected, corners of Holland. Consisting of a number of islands, it lies many feet below the level of the sea, and of all the Dutch provinces it is the most exposed to the perils of inundation. Many of its islands have been submerged at various times, but now, with its elaborate system of dykes—three hundred miles of them—it is safe. It is a very fertile province, and its inhabitants are devoted to agriculture.

Thousands of people going from England by the Zeeland Steamship Company's boats to Flushing pass through Zeeland, but few stay to explore it. Flushing itself is not a show place, though there is much that is interesting there. But four miles from Flushing is Middelburg, once an important place of commerce, and one of the most typical



A SKATING SCENE.

of Dutch towns. In the spacious Groote Markt is the magnificent Town Hall, with its statues of the Counts and Countesses of Holland. Into the Groote Markt, in front of the Town Hall, come the people of Zeeland on market day. There is plenty of opportunity of studying the Zeeland peasants, for they flock in from the country round, on business or on pleasure bent. Their dress is peculiar and picturesque, and the most elaborate in Holland; both men and women indulge in a good deal of quaint silver jewellery, most of which is distinctly beautiful. There are many little silver-ware shops in Middelburg, where may be bought such quaint old Dutch spoons as are described by Thackeray.

The "dead town" of Veere, with its fine Town Hall and its gigantic ruined church, the pleasant little seaside resort of Domburg, Westkapelle, with its gigantic dyke, are all worth visiting, and the visitor to Holland who is not pressed for time may well be advised to devote a few days to Zeeland, and particularly to the island of Walcheren.

Some sixty miles from Flushing is the ancient town of Dordrecht, or Dort, as the Dutch call it. This town—one of the oldest in Holland—has been described as "the most deeply dyed of all picturesque towns." It is a place which is especially dear to the artist. "The visitor should stroll down to the quays, passing under the old gateway, to see the river with the green polders beyond, and with its innumerable barges gliding along or moored to weedy posts. There are many quaint, mediaeval houses and old-world streets and canals in the town—in fact, the chief charm of Dort is in its delights of form and colour. It is a place full of sketches—a very paradise for artists." The artist has for long made Holland one of his happy hunting grounds; such towns as Dort and Alkmaar, and such villages as Laren and Volendam, are very well known to painters. And it is only in Holland itself that one can freely appreciate the great Dutch painters. As the visitor wanders over

Holland, he will constantly be reminded of the pictures by those masters which he may have seen. This long road, bordered by tall trees, will remind him of Hobbema; this meadow, with its cattle and a bright, sunny



A ZEELAND PEASANT.

sky overhead, will make him think of Albert Cuyp, "that lover of light"; this moonlight scene will recall Van der Neer, and this seascape will suggest Van de Velde.

The holiday-maker may be confidently recommended to devote himself to Holland, and he can't do better than read Mr. Matheson's little book before he starts and take it with him.



A ZEELAND BEAUTY.

CRUISES ROUND THE WORLD UPON WHEELS.

The celebrated pony of Mr. Shanks is very seldom used in the East. As a rule, the weather is intolerably hot; the sun burns down upon your head for the greater part of the day, making exercise a wearisome fatigue, if not positively dangerous. Besides, it is so much easier to ride than to walk, and the fares for public conveyance all over the world are so ridiculously cheap that they would, if published at home, cause an indignation meeting of London cabmen. There are times when the sensible man calls Shanks's pony out of the stable and sets him going as we do over the hills and far away in dear Old England. You can never enjoy to the full the upland mountain scenery of Ceylon or the lovely Hakoni district of Japan unless you make up your mind to put on your nailed Alpine boots, to cut a bamboo staff and tramp it with a will. I should never have seen half as much as I did of the Cingalese tea estates and Lipton's lovely gardens of tea, coffee, and spices combined—I should never have been able to reach the Japanese volcanoes and sulphur springs—had I not had the moral courage to refuse the uplifted sedan chair or the perambulator of the East, commonly called a "rickshaw."

But that which you can very well and easily do at Kandy or Neweralelia in the land of tea, coffee, and spices, at Myanoshita and Atami in the lovely districts of plum and cherry blossom, sulphur springs, and geysers, you would be a madman to attempt at Cairo, Bombay, Colombo, Hong Kong, or Canton. It is not a case of desiring to walk; you simply dare not. Let me reflect, then, and try to remember the various conveyances I have used since I was last in a London hansom or despised "growler." I have dashed about Cairo in a smart victoria and a pair of milk-white Arabian steeds, driven by a dapper-looking coachman with a fez, who, with a fury of vituperative language, screamed at any poor wretch who dared to get in the way. I have trotted round an Egyptian fair at night time on a splendid white donkey, with a talkative Arab at my side, and my dragoman riding on ahead and scouring the crowd as they do on Hampstead Heath on a Bank Holiday. Equally well and safely mounted on a still more splendid specimen of the "Jerusalem pony," I have galloped in a merry cavalcade among the ruined temples and burning sands of the desert up the Nile. Perched up high on the hump of a camel, I have moved gingerly and with stately tread between the Pyramids and the Sphinx, and with a motion quite as curious and a method of mounting and dismounting equally alarming I have mounted up to an Indian palace at Jeypore on the largest elephant I have ever seen. In the morning at Bombay, and, indeed, everywhere in India, I have been jolted and joggled in probably the worst kind of public conveyance known in the civilised world—to wit, a bathing machine, and a very bad and rickety bathing machine on wheels, so vilely constructed that two people can with difficulty share one seat. The London "growler" is a Lord Mayor's carriage compared to the blundering machine known as an Indian gharri, or hack cab.

In all the little conveniences of life it seems to me that British India is centuries behind the civilised world. Such hotels and such cabs as I found everywhere in India would be scouted by Penang and Singapore, where they have the most delightful little fairy carriages and Cinderella ponies that were ever seen in Sanger's Circus or the Drury Lane pantomime. How they would delight the children! It was at Colombo that I made my first acquaintance with the "jinricksha"—a Japanese invention only some thirty years old, which has been adopted by the Cingalese, and is generally in fashion for town and up-country work. But the Cingalese "rickshaw"—a little wheeled carriage like a child's perambulator in shape, but with added light shafts, and a naked coolie instead of a pony—is not quite up to date. You can never enjoy the perfection of rickshaw travelling or understand it as an athletic art until you arrive at Japan and land at Nagasaki, Kobe, or Yokohama. In China the rickshaw is a common method of conveyance, but not the only one. It is shared occasionally by the rough horse carriage and by the luxurious sedan chair. At Hong Kong I have been roughly conveyed in a square, green tea-chest, supported on the shoulders of two men by a strong bamboo pole. But at Hong Kong, also, I have been luxuriously carried shoulder high in an easy cane or bamboo chair with double supports, and borne by a little army of six men in fantastic livery. The chair of state is sent down to your hotel door to fetch you to dinner, the easy chair is lightly swung on the strong men's shoulders, and the time of walking, the beat and rhythm of progression is set as in an eight-oar by the stroke of the party. They do, indeed, swing together in a swell Hong Kong chair, well appointed, and to me the easy, hammocky motion had the invariable effect of sending me off into a delicious doze.

The well-appointed and disciplined sedan-chair bearers never utter a sound even when ascending the highest and steepest hill. But the hired coolie off the stand has a knack of groaning and sighing into your sympathetic ear, of audibly panting in the heat and piteously shivering in the cold, as much as to say, "If you only knew how disgustingly heavy you are!" or "What a brute you must be to keep a poor wretch shivering out in the air all these hours, while you have been talking your tongue off at the dinner table!" To put down the sedan-chair and rickshaw trade in the East would cause a revolution in the labour market. Like the Irishman's horse, "they like to be oppressed." There is never the slightest difficulty in getting a chair or rickshaw in any street of any civilised Eastern city. You have not to call them. They rush at you and pin you round in a circle of shafts. In fact, you *must* ride, whether you like it or not. So, in the fabled East I rode on anything I could get, from the jackass to the jinricksha!

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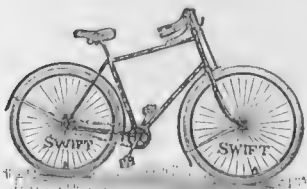
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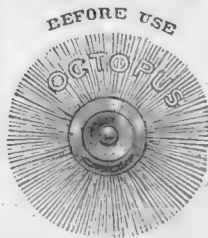
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LETTERS FROM COLONIAL COUSINS.

JOHANNESBURG, SOUTH AFRICA.

Johannesburg—not Johannesburg, as it is sometimes spelt—is a town, not a mountain, although from its lofty situation on a plateau, nearly 6000 ft. above the sea, the mistake might very easily arise. The town stretches along the crest of a ridge, on the southern slope of which the Main Reef runs for some thirty or forty miles, and there are gold mines and works immediately upon the confines of the town, which, indeed, is rapidly extending beyond them, and even more rapidly in the opposite direction. Its history is a remarkable one, almost unique in the rapidity with which it has sprung from a beginning in 1886 of tents and shanties to a precocious youth of the many substantial buildings and elegant residences of to-day. At the same period in its history Ballarat was still a mining camp, and nowhere, I suppose, could a place be found with such important edifices erected in so short a period. There is every sign at present, however, that the place is yet in its youth, and that it will extend for some time as rapidly and remarkably as it has done. Everywhere the temporary buildings are being pulled down and replaced by those of a permanent character.

The town is now reached by railway from the coast. The arms stretch out from Cape Town, Port Elizabeth, and East London, joining



MORNING MARKET IN THE SQUARE, JOHANNESBURG.

in a trunk line right up to the Transvaal, the length of the line from Cape Town being over one thousand miles, and the journey occupying about two days. Before long there will be railway communication with the east coast at Natal and Delagoa Bay.

The route from Cape Town is not by any means an interesting one as regards the scenery. It is tame and monotonous; five minutes at any stage will effectually sample it, and one is glad to take refuge in a book. The section of railway from the Vaal River is in the territory of the republic, and belongs to a Netherlands company. It was obtained from the Government only by the fiction of a concession for a steam tramway. This fiction is hardly maintained even in pretence, unless it present itself in the utter want of serious attention to safety of life and to speed. An average of twelve miles an hour is scarcely maintained; the trains, however, if they do not travel fast, like a skilful violinist, "stop" well, and the problem remains upon the mind quite unsolved why a delay of half an hour at a station should often occur when nobody gets out and nobody gets in, and there is no shunting to be done. Once we were effectually brought to a standstill in a curious way. The whole country is scourged by flights of locusts, and one flight had settled upon the line, and up an incline, with clogged wheels and greasy rails, the engine could not move the train until the rails had been sanded, and the myriad hosts driven off for some distance ahead. The effect of a flight of locusts is most curious: at a distance it looks like a dark red cloud of dust, while, with the sun shining on their wings, it almost resembles a fall of snow. The town was full of them for some days last week, flying, hopping, hurtling on the iron roofs and finding their way everywhere, upstairs and down. A farmer in the neighbourhood had a stretch of oat forage ready to cut, worth £700, which was utterly destroyed in a few hours. To such as he it is very little satisfaction that locusts come

only in a plentiful season, and that there may be a possible ulterior advantage to the land.

The population of Johannesburg is a very mixed, as well as an uncertain quantity. There are, probably, some 40,000 or 50,000 natives of very many tribes counted in, and including also Chinamen—here, as elsewhere, grudging and shunned—coolies and Malays, while the white population embraces chiefly Dutch, English, Americans, and Germans, although the net has gathered in from many other lands. A very large contingent of the ubiquitous race "view here the Canaan that they love with dust-beclouded eyes."

There is found here the largest town and the most populous place in the whole of South Africa. The life of it is in the gold-bearing reefs, which are being tapped in a hundred places, pounded and searched for the precious metal, which is found in the quartz, or "banket," as the conglomerate is called, mostly in minute particles invisible to the eye, but being now extracted at the rate of about £5,000,000 a year. The community, trading and professional, depend upon this gold outturn, but the active centre of the whole is the Stock Exchange: there beats the heart of the whole enterprise. Johannesburg is the speculator's paradise—his rapidly made gains are lavishly spent, and consequently all commodities are very dear; but the most remarkable feature in this direction is the excessive rents paid, both for business premises and private residences. All rents are paid monthly in advance, and there

are many one-storeyed villas rented at £16 a month which would not let for £30 a year in the suburbs of London, and shops in the best positions for which £50 a month is paid which would be high at £100 a year in Oxford Street. Bread is at least double, eggs and butter more than double, home prices. It will be easily understood, therefore, that profits in trade and wages must of necessity be high in order to keep pace with living expenses.

There is, perhaps, no finer climate to be found anywhere than upon this lofty plateau. Although in 26 deg. latitude—namely, that of South Florida or the Persian Gulf—it is never excessively hot, and in winter often very cold, with sharp frosts and bitter winds, which render warm clothing and good fires essential. In the middle of the day the sun may be hot, even in winter, but at night the cold is keen, and felt the more by contrast. Now, at a distance of two months from midwinter, the days are splendid—almost solid sunshine the whole day through, and the heat pleasantly tempered by cool breezes. The drawback in the town is the dust; the streets are thick with fine, reddish-coloured dust, raised by the slightest breeze or movement, and carried from end to end of the place, and nothing is free from its tarnish. On the shop doors on a dusty day may be seen a placard, "Come in; closed on account of dust."

The soil and climate are eminently favourable to prolific growth of flowers, fruit, and agricultural produce; the finest roses and chrysanthemums are easily cultured, and trees in a few years attain quite a lofty height. I saw a black wattle planted as a small sapling in January 1890, and it is now fully ten inches in diameter a foot above the ground. The gardens around the suburban villas are wonderful indeed, when it is borne in mind that two or three years ago they were open veldt.

The morning market is a scene hardly to be matched all the world over: some hundreds of wagons, each drawn by its team of fourteen oxen, bring vegetables, dairy produce, forage and fuel to supply the wants of the town, and all is sold and cleared away by about nine o'clock in the morning.

The form of Government is republican, and is in the hands exclusively of the Dutch element, many Hollanders filling the offices. The Dutch show themselves very exclusive, and tenacious of power, standing against any encroachment by other nationalities on their domain, and resisting any extension of franchise. But the pressure of public opinion is making itself felt with increasing force, and has to be reckoned with and listened to more and more. In fact, the other nationalities are fast assuming a dominant position, and will soon direct the Government if they are not nominally admitted to an open share in its councils. The jealousy of English influence sometimes shows itself in ludicrous ways. For instance, enamelled name-plates for the streets were imported with the word "street" upon them, and the authorities have defaced the last three letters upon the ground that the word should have been "straat," so that every street-corner commemorates their narrowness.

With all these sets-off against the unfavourable features of life in Johannesburg, it is to my mind one of the best places in which to long for home, although it may not be true to set it down as quite all dust and share gambling and galvanised iron.—I am, yours truly, H. E. F.

PARLIAMENT.

BY "A RASH RADICAL."

Every recollection of the Home Rule debates of 1893 will, I am afraid, be blotted out in comparison with the one shocking incident of Thursday night. I have always felt that the period of ten o'clock closure was an extremely dangerous one, and that a collision between excited men shouldering one another in the inevitable process of walking to and from the division lobbies was quite possible, but the wildest dreamer could never have imagined the scene that actually took place. That a free fight should occur on the floor of the House, that members should tear at each other like a pack of wolves, that heavy blows should be given and returned, that the House should be strewn with scraps of clothing—these are things, using Coleridge's words, to dream of but not to tell.

Told, however, they must be, though I am afraid the true story will never be elicited—so rapidly, so passionately, so confusedly was the scene unrolled before our eyes. On two points, however, I am absolutely assured, and there is not, I think, a shadow of conflicting testimony on the other side. The first act of physical force was unquestionably that of Mr. Hayes Fisher and Sir Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett, two of the most embittered Tories in the House, and men of ill-controlled tempers. As for Sir Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett's language, I hear the most extraordinary accounts of it. It was personally addressed to Mr. Gladstone, and the whole House saw the spectacle of a series of withering rebukes addressed to him by Sir Albert Rollit, who stood over him with an air of menace and anger which absolutely cowed the person to whom they were addressed. The larger offender I again unhesitatingly mark out as Mr. Chamberlain. To compare Mr. Gladstone with Herod, and with Herod at the moment of his frightful death, was an offence of the extremest character. It was at once met.

"JUDAS! JUDAS!"

The Irishmen met it in kind. No sooner had the name Herod been heard than one long-sustained cry of "Judas! Judas! Judas!" went up from fifty throats. Ten o'clock struck, and so did Mr. Vicary Gibbs. He got on his feet while the question was being put, and insisted on addressing Mr. Mellor. Not a single word that he spoke reached my ears, or, indeed, the ears of any but members sitting in his immediate vicinity. The Chairman, however, did not hear him, did not see him, and put the question, which compelled the House to clear for a division. It was while one stream of members—Liberals—were passing out from behind the Speaker's chair, and mingling with Tories who were voting with them for Mr. Clancy's motion, that the struggle took place. Mr. Gibbs had moved down to the front Opposition bench, and was still shouting, gesticulating, and alternately taking his hat off and putting it on again. Mr. Logan, the member for the Harborough Division, a tall, well-knit man, was passing the front Opposition bench on his way to the division lobby. Members inform me that he addressed some remarks to the Chairman on the refusal of Mr. Carson and other Tories to leave the House. Certain it is that Mr. Carson resented this, and addressed to him the remark, "Get away, you gang of gaggers! You are out of order standing there." "Very well," said Mr. Logan, "I will sit down," and he sat down by Mr. Carson's side. Instantly Mr. Hayes Fisher from behind and Sir Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett from his side seized him by the neck and thrust him violently out of the seat and towards the table. At once a number of Irish members swept forward, either to protect their friend or to see what was going on. One of these, a very small man, Mr. Crean, was suddenly precipitated into the arms of Colonel Saunderson. The Colonel took this as a deliberate assault, and struck two smart blows straight from the shoulder. One caught Mr. Austin, an Irish member, and the other Mr. Crean. The little Irishman instantly retorted with a terrific blow on the Colonel's jaw. The rest of the scene no single man could possibly describe.

THE END OF THE TYPHOON.

Matters were, perhaps, made still more confusing by a rush of peacemakers pulling back friends, pushing aside opponents, and elbowing their way through the opposing ranks. Mr. Burns was the most energetic of this latter contingent, and his great strength and long arms were used with powerful effect on Colonel Saunderson's coat-tails and Mr. William Redmond's shirt-front. Mr. Gladstone sat almost through the row on the Treasury bench, quiet, motionless, with white, unhappy face. Lord Randolph Churchill behaved extremely well. He acted with perfect calmness and tact, doing his best to get his friends to leave the House. At last the situation was taken out of the hands of the unhappy man who had proved himself so completely unable to control the Assembly. Mr. Mellor, in reply to a steadily increasing cry of "Mr. Speaker! Mr. Speaker!" ordered the division doors to be opened and the division to end. Back came the Speaker, white and grave. From that moment the Parliamentary typhoon steadily subsided.

Mr. T. P. O'Connor, abstaining from all recrimination, withdrew his term "Judas," Mr. Chamberlain, the chief offender, sitting the while stolid and silent. Colonel Saunderson insisted on prolonging the scene, declaring he had been struck first. Two Irishmen, Mr. Harrington and Mr. Condon, both contradicted him. I must say that this is a very general impression. But one thing, at all events, is certain: the first act of physical violence which ever took place on the floor of the House of Commons was the work of a Conservative member. That indelible disgrace belongs to the Constitutional party.

PARLIAMENT.

BY A "CAUTIOUS CONSERVATIVE."

Not for some time have we had in Parliament such a Gladstone-Chamberlain duel as took place last week. I sometimes wonder if these affairs are not specially arranged in order to keep the attention of the House. If not, I might suggest that a stage manager would be a functionary worth subsidising at the Theatre Royal, Westminster. Now that everybody is so interested in Parliament, and newspapers give highly coloured dramatic, partisan, special descriptions of the debates, quite irrespective of the actual speeches made, or any resemblance of a literal report, a stage manager is imperatively wanted, in order that there may not be dull nights. The newspapers might soon combine to secure that at least one scene should occur at regular intervals. It must have been quite plain to any observer, and certainly to all outsiders, that with the entry of the financial clauses the Home Rule debate was becoming as dull as ditch-water. And that is why I am suspicious of the Gladstone-Chamberlain duel. When these combatants get up and say spiteful things of one another the House fills immediately. Even the Terrace is deserted, and Gladstonian members (whose business in the House usually seems concentrated on voting without either hearing the arguments or even having the gagged clauses read out) find themselves in quite an unaccustomed place—their seats in the House. It is fine fun, too, to see the Grand Old Lion rampant, and hear him calling the Birmingham champion an "*Advocatus Diaboli*." It sounded so very much like a reminiscence of Mr. Wallace's allusion to the G.O.M. himself as the English equivalent of "*Diabolus*" that there was even more piquancy in the expression. Mr. Gladstone thoroughly enjoyed his own *mot*. It may be remembered that in one of his last Midlothian speeches occurred a peroration about Castor and Pollux, which Gladstonian organs revelled over. You might at that time meet young Gladstonians, fresh from Oxford, mouthing as they walked the street: they were rolling out the Castor and Pollux peroration. One Gladstonian paper went so far as to gloat over the actual number of words used. They occupied in all some twenty lines of the *Times*. I recall this because I took the trouble to count Mr. Gladstone's words in the sentence in which he first called Mr. Chamberlain the "Devil's Advocate." It was not a good sentence, nothing to gloat over, but it took a hundred and twenty words before the great rhetorician came to the point.

BUSINESS DONE.

The need of these personalities only shows up the barrenness of debate. These financial clauses are, to put it plainly, the greatest humbug in the whole humbugging Bill. Nobody expects anything to come of them. They are simply stop-gaps, just plausible enough to go up to the House of Lords and be rejected. At the same time, they are full of argument on the Unionist side. It is quite plain that the English Home Rulers are willing to go so far with their Irish allies as to give Ireland a surplus of £500,000 at any cost to Great Britain. This admission will be made the most of on English platforms, and it cannot do anything but good to the Unionist cause. On the other hand, the irony of the situation consists in the dislike of the Irish members even to this, the most liberal provision that the Gladstonians dare to make. In spite of the bogus character of the financial clauses, the Irish members, quite naturally, take them seriously. They are not meant to pass, but they show what English Gladstonians will do. I may, therefore, warn readers of *The Sketch* not to think that the Home Rule Bill is done with because it is being shelved.

A FREE FIGHT IN THE HOUSE.

The Gladstone-Chamberlain duel came to its climax on Thursday evening by the free fight which took place in the House itself. A more disgraceful scene has not taken place within living memory. I will not enlarge on it here in the way of description: enough of that has been done. But I do say this, that if the disturbance was provoked, as the Gladstonians assert, by Mr. Chamberlain's references to Mr. Gladstone, those references were not one atom too strong for the occasion. When clauses are passed through Committee which have never even been read a second time, and passed solely by the gag, a situation is created for which no words are too strong. Mr. Chamberlain called Mr. Gladstone a dictator; so he is, and the most despotic dictator that England has seen since Constitutional Government existed. He called the Gladstonians slaves; so they are. He said that when Mr. Gladstone called something "black," they answered "It is good," and when "white," then "It is better"; so they have. Whenever their octogenarian leader speaks they treat it as the voice of a god. Mr. Chamberlain compared him to Herod; it was a good comparison. The Home Rulers felt the sting of being told the truth, and they retorted by the only means in their power. Argument they have long ago given up; it was only a question of time when they would begin using their fists. Now they have begun, and it is not likely to be the end of it. Meanwhile, what becomes of the decencies of Parliamentary life? If scenes like that are possible, a posse of policemen had better be stationed in the lobby. With a Chairman whose weakness in the chair has been unexampled, the Committee stage of the Home Rule Bill, which was to bring peace to Ireland, has finished up in uncontrollable violence, and with every prospect of making political life in England more distasteful than ever to people who love peace and quietness. This is a great achievement for an old Parliamentarian of over sixty years' standing.

DANGERS OF AN EXCESS OF FAT.

An excess of fat not only becomes burdensome and unsightly, but a positive evil; an accumulation of it may occur between the muscles upon the heart, causing embarrassed respiration, or around the kidneys; and persons in this condition are not only rendered uneasy in themselves and unfit to discharge the various duties of life, but are extremely liable to disease in the vital organs. Those suffering from *polysarcia omenti*, that is, an accumulation of abdominal subcutaneous fat, sometimes several inches in depth, carry also an enormous weight of fat around the internal organs, and are prone to the diseases known as fatty degeneration of the heart and liver.

The former is the deposition of particles of fat within the *Sarcolemma*, substituted for the proper muscular tissue. If the fatty degeneration exists to any amount the muscular walls present a yellowish colour and the heart is soft and flabby.

This may be confined to one ventricle, or it may affect the inner layer of fibres, the outer layer remaining unchanged. The degeneration of the left ventricle occasions feebleness of the pulse, and the heart is enfeebled in proportion to the disease. Difficulty in breathing is one symptom of this disease, especially when the right ventricle is affected. Symptoms resembling those of apoplexy, such as pallid surface and feeble circulation, have been observed in persons who have died of this affection.

The above is extracted from the book of a well-known writer on obesity, Mr. F. C. Russell, of Woburn House, Store Street, London, W.C., the author of "Corpulency and the Cure," an interesting little book which is well worth reading, and only costs six stamps post-free. A person need no longer be abnormally stout, thanks to the vegetal discoveries of this gentleman, who has done much to assist those who suffer from the demon obesity, and has completely refuted the theories of some of the most eminent medical men, who frequently prescribe an alarming change of diet of the most nauseous character. It seems marvellous that he can accomplish even greater reduction of weight than other specialists who prescribe a doubly drastic treatment, and to do so with simple harmless roots is the more praiseworthy. It is a curious fact that his patients eat more after losing weight, which shows that starvation is not the orthodox treatment.

The following are a few Extracts from other Journals—

CURIOUS EFFECTS IN THE TREATMENT OF CORPULENCY.

The old-fashioned methods of curing obesity were based upon the adoption of a sort of starvation dietary. Would any reader now believe that by the new and orthodox treatment a stout patient can take almost double his usual quantity of food, and yet decrease one or two pounds of fat daily for a time? This is very singular, and directly hostile to previous opinions held by medical authorities, yet it is a fact. The author of the comparatively new system in question explains that the person under treatment is restored to a healthier state in the small space of twenty-four hours, having lost probably 2 lb. of superfluous deposit, the organs display great activity, and more food is required. By standing on a weighing machine the proof of reduction is incontrovertibly shown daily. In serious cases a 5 lb. to 10 lb. weekly loss is registered until the person approaches his or her normal weight, then the diminution becomes less pronounced, the muscles firmer, the brain more active, less sleep is desired, and finally a cure effected. Compiled reprints of medical and other journals and interesting particulars, including the "recipe," which is quite harmless, can be obtained from a Mr. Russell, of 27, Store Street, London, W.C., by enclosing six stamps. We think our readers would do well to call their corpulent friends' attention to this.—*Staffordshire Sentinel*.

What strange things Taste and Fashion are, to be sure! Here in England, and Europe generally, are our ladies sighing to be slim, while from over the ocean come the moans of black and copper-coloured sisters who long to be fat. Corpulency is with them a beauty, and the fat woman is the Belle of the Ball! But these opposite degrees of taste have, in our case, more than the caprice of fashion to back them, for everyone knows that obesity is a disease by which the person afflicted suffers most acutely, not only physically but mentally. People have rather an erroneous idea, probably gathered from Dickens's Fat Boy in "Pickwick," that corpulent people have none of the finer feelings, and are of a lethargic and dull comprehension. This is altogether a mistake, as many a poor corpulent lady can tell you. When she ascends a crowded omnibus on a hot summer's day, every one

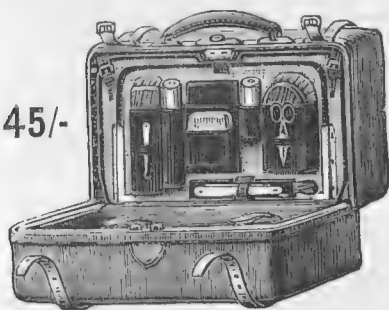
of the indignant glances levelled at her by her more fortunate sisters are as so many little dagger thrusts of mortification, though her ruddy complexion and defiant stentorian breathing may seem to belie the truth of these words. Everyone has heard of the poor little stout man in the "Bab Ballads," to whom even the privilege of suicide was denied, for, when he threw himself into the water, he found himself too fat to sink, and floated about like an inflated air-balloon, and, unless somebody fished him out, is most likely floating still. But now that Mr. Russell's cure for obesity has become so deservedly well known and appreciated by many grateful thousands, there is no reason why stout people should linger in so deplorable a condition. Does it not seem ridiculous to live in such an uncomfortable state of corpulency when so sure a remedy as his is to be easily obtained? Many people have a horror of trying any cure for fear it should be harmful to their general health, and resort in preference to such stratagems as tight-lacing, which is indeed very injurious, and should never be attempted. Mr. Russell's cure is as simple as it is efficacious and harmless, being purely vegetable, and containing nothing that can be in the least injurious to the most delicate stomach. It can hardly be given the obnoxious name of medicine, as it is a most refreshing and pleasant drink, and can be taken with the food in the same manner as wine, beer, or any other beverage. It is very speedy in operation, for twenty-four hours after it has been swallowed a reduction of weight will be noticeable, and, if persevered with, the superfluous flesh will disappear gradually, never to return. A proof of its beneficial influence is to be seen in the fact that with the reduction of the weight comes a corresponding improvement in health and strength, and with these bright eyes and a healthy complexion. No more painful shortness of breath, no more contemptuous glances from the slim sisters, and if your age be forty you can still be fair without the other "F," and correspondingly happy and healthful. Mr. F. C. Russell's address is Woburn House, 27, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C., and on sending six stamps a reprint of the Press notices from hundreds of medical and other journals, both British and foreign, with other interesting particulars, including the "recipe," will be forwarded to all applicants.—The above is taken from *Weldon's Illustrated Dressmaker*, July issue, 1893.

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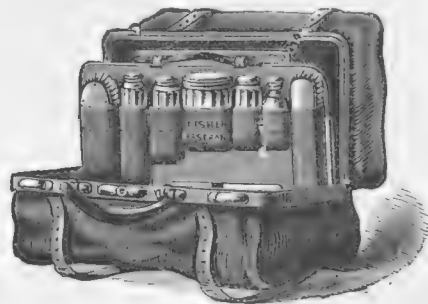
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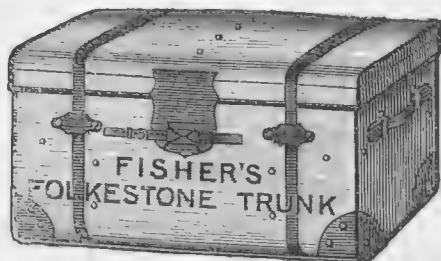
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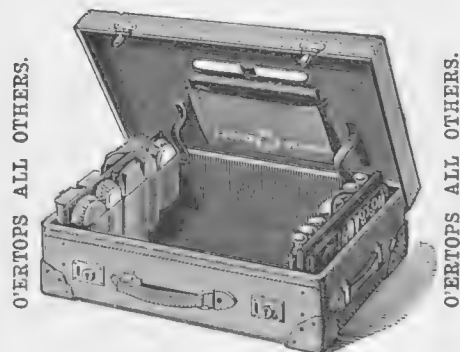
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Parr's Banking Company and the Alliance Bank (Limited) as Bankers of the Company are authorised by the Directors to receive subscriptions at their Head Office, Bartholomew Lane, London, E.C., or at any of their Branches.

The Subscription List will be opened on Wednesday, August 2, and will be closed on or before Saturday, August 5, for town and country.

A. B. C. CONCESSIONS* (Limited). [AERATED BREAD COMPANY'S CONCESSIONS.] (Incorporated under the Companies' Acts, 1862-1890, whereby the liability of shareholders is limited to the amount of their shares.)—Capital £150,000, in 150,000 shares of £1 each. First issue of 100,000 shares, at par, payable as follows: 5s. per share on application, 10s. per share on allotment, and 5s. per share one month after allotment. Fifty thousand shares will be reserved for future issue whenever Capital be needed for the purposes of the Company's business, a moiety of which the Shareholders of the Aërated Bread Company will have the option of subscribing for, at par.

DIRECTORS.

Vincent A. Applin, Esq., late Secretary of the National Exhibitions, Earl's Court.

†Major John Bolton, Director of the Aërated Bread Company, Limited.

Alfred Pickard, Esq., Engineer.

†John R. Whitley, Esq., late Director of the National Exhibitions, Earl's Court.

Managing Directors—

W. Resbury Few, Esq.

Arthur Whitley, Esq.

Bankers—Parr's Banking Company and the Alliance Bank (Limited), Bartholomew Lane, E.C., and their branches.

Brokers—William Godfrey and Co., 1, Copthall Court, E.C., and Stock Exchange; Hoddings, King and Co., 14, Angel Court, E.C., and Stock Exchange.

Solicitors—Ashurst, Morris, Crisp and Co., 17, Throgmorton Avenue, E.C.

Auditors—Ogden, Palmer and Langton, 6a, Austin Friars, E.C.

Secretary—John Oates.

Temporary Offices—51, Cheapside, E.C.

PROSPECTUS.

THE "A.B.C. CONCESSIONS (Limited)" has been formed for the purpose of acquiring from the Aërated Bread Company, of London, a section of their business, viz.—

(1) **THE A.B.C. LICENSE.** An exclusive License, except within a radius of five miles from the Royal Exchange, London, to use, sell, or let on hire the Aërated Bread Company's Patented Pressure-Heaters and Machines connected therewith, in the United Kingdom. This Company acquires the exclusive right to manufacture, sell, and use the Pressure-Heaters and Machines throughout the whole of the United Kingdom, with the exception of the London district.

(2) **THE A.B.C. STAMINAL FOODS.**† The goodwill, rights, and privileges pertaining to "Staminal Foods," for all parts of the world, except within the above-mentioned radius, but this Company will acquire the right to sell "Staminal Foods," also within this area, if the buyers be shippers or wholesale factors.

THE A.B.C. LICENSE. This Company acquires an exclusive License (subject to the above-mentioned reservation) to use eight different patents and all future improvements thereon.

Among the principal factors which have contributed to making the Aërated Bread Company **ONE OF THE MOST SUCCESSFUL TRADING CONCERNS IN ENGLAND** (ITS £1 SHARES ARE QUOTED AT £7 15s. TO £8 PER SHARE) are the valuable Pressure-Heaters and Machines covered by Patents, which enable the Aërated Bread Company to supply

tea, coffee, and cocoa rapidly, of unsurpassable quality, and freshly made, either in small or large quantities. It is intended that this Company shall manufacture the Pressure-Heaters and Machines and sell them to the proprietors of hotels, restaurants, clubs, stores, and schools, &c., and to refreshment contractors, private families, and others. It is further proposed to let the patented Pressure-Heaters and Machines, on hire, to the above classes of customers, and others, at remunerative rates; with option of purchase, and, in certain districts, to sell sub-licenses for their use, enquiries for which have already been received.

Hitherto the supply of the Pressure-Heaters and Machines covered by these Patents has been exclusively limited by the Aërated Bread Company to their retail dépôts in London, for the purposes of their own business, where they have proved a great success. The more recent of the Patents taken out have effected such important improvements in the utility and value of the inventions as to ensure a large trade in the manner above indicated, and this branch of this Company's business will be materially extended by the opening of a warehouse in London, where the Pressure-Heaters and Machines will be kept in stock, ready for immediate delivery. The Pressure-Heaters and Machines are also adapted to numerous other trades, from which a lucrative business is expected to be realised.

The Pressure-Heaters and Machines have been **LARGELY INSTRUMENTAL IN INCREASING THE DIVIDENDS OF THE AERATED BREAD COMPANY**, in recent years, and if this Company considers it desirable to open dépôts in several of the larger provincial cities (similar to the Aërated Bread Company's London Dépôts), their successful working will be dependent in a great measure on the use of these Pressure-Heaters and Machines. All the improvements which have been made therein, from time to time, are covered by the above-mentioned Patents.

In order that this important branch of this Company's business may forthwith become a profit-earning one, arrangements have been concluded by which, for the present, the Pressure-Heaters and Machines will be supplied to this Company by the same makers who have hitherto manufactured them for the Aërated Bread Company.

THE A.B.C. STAMINAL FOODS.—These foods, the result of careful and extended scientific research, are preparations of cocoa, oatmeal, sago, tapioca, wheatmeal, &c., for use both in liquid and solid form (including biscuits, &c.). They contain, in large proportion, brain and muscle-forming elements, thoroughly incorporated, are perfect in solubility, and possess the important qualities of being not only nutritious and easy of digestion, but also an aid to the assimilation of other foods.

This Company will acquire all the rights of the Aërated Bread Company to manufacture and sell "Staminal Foods" in all parts of the world (except within a five-mile radius from the Royal Exchange), the Aërated Bread Company undertaking to furnish all the requisite information, and communicating from time to time, without further charge, whatever improvements may be introduced into the processes of manufacture; but it is not intended that this Company shall at once commence to manufacture, it being deemed more expedient, for the present, that this Company should purchase "Staminal Foods" from the Aërated Bread Company, on terms and conditions which will leave to this Company a very satisfactory profit.

The Aërated Bread Company will transfer to this Company all orders for "Staminal Foods" received by them from any part of the world, except from within the above-mentioned five-mile radius, and also all such orders from that district for "Staminal Foods," the destination of which is the provinces, or which are for shipment abroad.

"Staminal Foods" have not been advertised or offered for sale outside the London district, yet the quantities sold by the Aërated Bread

Company have increased yearly. With so vast a field as that governed by the Concessions, which this Company acquires, the business should become one of considerable magnitude.

THE AERATED BREAD COMPANY have been, and are, so fully occupied with the management of their London Dépôts that they have not sought to do business beyond the Metropolitan area, which still offers scope for further development.

During the negotiations between the Aërated Bread Company and the Vendor to this Company facilities have been afforded him of gaining considerable experience in connection with the organisation and management of the Aërated Bread Company's business, and the Vendor has agreed to take an active part in the development of this Company's affairs and to join the Board after allotment. **ONE OF THE DIRECTORS OF THE AERATED BREAD COMPANY WILL ALSO JOIN THE BOARD OF THIS COMPANY.**

Having acquired the above-named exclusive License and Concessions, it is the intention of this Company to take a leading position in connection with the development of other scientifically prepared hygienic foods for the million.

THE LARGE INCOME REALISED ANNUALLY BY THE AERATED BREAD COMPANY from their London Dépôts, now exceeding 70 in number, indicates the profitable character of the business to be undertaken by this Company, which will comprise: (1) A wholesale trade in "Staminal Foods," at home and abroad; (2) The sale of Licenses to use the patented Pressure-Heaters and Machines in certain districts; (3) The selling and letting on hire of those Pressure-Heaters and Machines throughout the United Kingdom, except within the five-mile radius from the Royal Exchange, and (4) The opening (if considered desirable) of Dépôts (similar to the Aërated Bread Company's London Dépôts) in several of the larger provincial cities.

Mr. John Robinson Whitley, who is the Promoter of and Vendor to this Company, has fixed the price to be paid by this Company to him for the License and the Concessions at £27,500 in cash, and 27,500 fully-paid £1 Shares of the Company, of which the Aërated Bread Company will receive £15,000 in cash and 15,000 fully-paid £1 Shares, the Vendor defraying the cost of printing and posting the copies of the Prospectus, and of the charges and fees of solicitors and brokers in connection with the formation of this Company, up to and including allotment.

The following Agreements have been entered into:—(1) An Agreement dated March 13, 1889, between James Childs of the one part and Hayward Tyler and Co. of the other part; (2) An Agreement dated August 14, 1889, between James Childs of the one part and the Aërated Bread Company (Limited) of the other part; (3) An Agreement dated July 28, 1893, between the Aërated Bread Company (Limited) of the one part and John Robinson Whitley of the other part, for the purchase of the License and the Concessions; (4) An Agreement dated July 29, 1893, between John Robinson Whitley of the one part and this Company of the other part, for the re-sale of the License and the Concessions to this Company at the price above mentioned.

Copies of the above-mentioned Contracts and the Memorandum and Articles of Association can be inspected at the Offices of the Company's Solicitors.

Prospectuses and Forms of Application for shares can be obtained at the temporary offices of the Company, or from the Bankers, Brokers, or Solicitors.

Applications for shares should be made on the form accompanying the Prospectus, and forwarded to the Bankers of the Company with the amount of the deposit. If no allotment is made the deposit will be returned in full, and where the number of shares allotted is less than the number applied for the balance will be applied towards the payment due on allotment, and any excess returned to the applicant.

* So called because the Concessions comprise (1) an exclusive License under Patents taken out for the benefit of the Aërated Bread Company, and (2) the goodwill, rights and privileges pertaining to "Staminal Foods," which were originated and solely manufactured by that Company.

† Will join the Board after allotment.

‡ The Trade Mark, comprising this designation, was duly registered June 22, 1882, for bread, biscuits, staminal foods, &c., and April 17, 1883, for cocoa, chocolate, and cocolate, and it appears upon all packets and tins containing the various "Staminal Foods."

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

CRICKET.

Is cricket a game of skill or of blind chance merely? I am moved more particularly to ask this question because of some recent doings in cricket history. Week after week I have harped upon the "glorious uncertainty" of the game, giving copious illustrations from current matches. Taking



Photo by R. Thomas, Cheapside.

F. SHORLAND.

the season all through, surprises have been the rule rather than the exception, which is about as pretty a paradox as one could well imagine.

One of the latest and greatest of the somersaults performed by our coming champion county, Yorkshire, was to allow themselves to be defeated by Essex—a mere second-rate (?) county—to the extent of seven wickets. The match was remarkable in more than one respect. Essex, getting the first of that awful wicket in Sheffield, lost seven of their best batsmen for 35. Then an extraordinary thing happened. Mead and C. J. Kortright—the two bowlers—got together, and laid on the wood with such vigour that the score was eventually raised to 140. Of this number, Kortright had 20 and Mead 66 (not out). Then it came to Yorkshire's turn to taste the sweets of the Sheffield wicket. The coming champion county scored 44 runs. We all knew that Kortright was a bowler of class, and we had a suspicion that Mead might have been called a first-class trundler were he only in a first class-team. By their fruits ye shall know them. Kortright got five for 24 and Mead four for 8. How is that for low? At the second attempt Yorkshire did a little better. They actually scored 127, and gave Essex 32 to win. The runs were got for the loss of three wickets, and so the second-class county beat the first-class. Yorkshire's experience against the second-class counties this season has been very gloomy indeed.

Surrey have recently tasted the bitters of defeat in a degree that leaves them very low down in the championship list, and completely deprives them of any chance of championship honours. The defeat by Somerset was bad enough, Kent's clever victory by 22 runs was hard to swallow, but the smashing up which the champions—or shall we call them ex-champions?—received from Sussex at the Oval fairly extinguished the hopes of Surrey's most ardent supporters. The defeat by Kent was largely traceable to the fine bowling of Walter Hearn, who obtained ten wickets for 89, although C. M. Wells had a more brilliant analysis for Surrey with his nine wickets for 63.

The match between Sussex and Surrey will be memorable for two things—for the magnificent batting of Marlow, the young Sussex professional, and the brilliant bowling of Humphreys, the old lob bowler, now grown grey in the service of his county. Marlow's share in the victory was a couple of well-played innings of 80 and 126. Marlow, although a man of rather slight physique, is endowed with tremendous punishing powers. Apart from Marlow's display, Humphreys was the hero of the match, and his seven wickets for 50 runs in the second innings was certainly the most determining factor in the victory.

The Australians have been having a run of luck lately, and people are now beginning to think that our distinguished visitors are at last

showing their true form. Whether this be the case or not, they have already won twelve matches, and look like winning a good many more. Their victory over Somerset by six wickets was partly due to the Somerset men trying to force the game in the belief that there was not time to finish the match. It was also due in a large measure to the exceptional bowling of Turner, who obtained eleven wickets for 72 runs. In the same match S. M. J. Woods did even better against his fellow-countrymen by taking nine wickets for 57. It might be well to pass over the Australians v. Middlesex match. It was a sorry farce from beginning to end. At least half of the usual Middlesex side, including many of their best batsmen, were absent, and the eleven was made up of men who, however good in minor matches, were completely lost against players of the calibre of the Cornstalks. The end of the farce was a victory for the Colonials by 391.

CYCLING.

The great twenty-four hours path race has again resulted in a victory for Frank Shorland, who covered 426½ miles in two rounds of the clock. Records began to be beaten early in the race. In twelve hours 233 miles 1540 yards were wiped off, and at that time Shorland was several miles ahead of his nearest competitor. The new record created by Shorland is not surprising, considering the improved surface of the track, which is certainly much faster than the old one. The chances are that had Shorland met with a man almost as good as himself he would have reeled off something like 450 miles in the twenty-four hours. Comparatively speaking, F. T. Bidlake, who came in second in the race on a tricycle, and covered 410 miles 1110 yards, accomplished a more remarkable performance even than Shorland. He rode one of the famous Marlboro' Club machines, thus giving another good testimonial to its makers, the Coventry Machinists Company.

SWIMMING.

J. H. Tyers, of the Manchester Osborne S.C., still continues to meet with unusual success in the water, and a few days ago he won the half-mile amateur championship at Saltford, near Bristol. Three other men started, but the mile champion did almost as he liked with his opponents, and won easily enough by fully 100 yards in 31 min. 41 sec.

LAWN TENNIS.

The Irishmen made an auspicious start in the International Match with England at the All England Club, Wimbledon, for they won the singles by four matches to two, but the old country atoned for this defeat on the following day, when they won seven out of the nine matches in the Doubles. The aggregate result, therefore, was overwhelmingly in favour of the Englishmen, who won the competition by nine matches out of fifteen.

OLYMPIAN.



Photo by E. Scamell, Finchley.

F. T. BIDLAKE.

OUR LADIES PAGES.

FASHIONS UP TO DATE.

I should advise you to take possession of the most comfortable chair in the house, and then mentally follow me to the Adelphi Theatre, and see if you can get some new ideas out of the smart gowns which are

donned by Miss Fanny Brough in "A Woman's Revenge." All you will have to do is to glance at the sketches on these pages, and follow with what attention you will the accompanying descriptions, and your pilgrimage will then be completed without any exertion or trouble on your part. I only wish that everything you or I wanted could be brought within easy reach in the same way. However, to proceed to business, I must begin by telling you that in Act I. Miss Brough wears a very smart tailor-made gown of blue cheviot, with a plain full skirt, and long loose coat, opening over a spotted



MISS F. BROUGH'S DINNER GOWN IN ACT II. OF "A WOMAN'S REVENGE."

white and blue shirt, adorned with a blue tie. A natty little sailor hat completes a costume which suits the wearer's trim figure to perfection.

In Act II. I called in the artist's assistance, as I felt sure that you would be delighted with Miss Brough's dinner gown, which is wonderfully *chic*. It is of pale yellow brocade, the plain full skirt made with a demi-train, all the seams being outlined with gold sequins. The front of the pointed bodice is filled in with soft puffings of canary-coloured chiffon, and the elbow sleeves are composed of five frills of the same material. Over the shoulders fall large epaulettes of the brocade, which taper to a point at the waist, both at the back and in the front, and are edged with gold sequins. For a brunette nothing could be more effective and becoming, and Miss Brough looks particularly well in this dress.

I also had the gown for Act III. sketched for you, as there were several original ideas in it. The material itself is very lovely, pink chiffon flowered with dainty sprays of tinted poppies, the skirt being trimmed with five tiny frills, each one edged with Valenciennes lace. The full bodice is finished off with three thick ruches of the lace, and the gracefully draped sleeves are caught in with three similar ruches. Round the waist is a folded sash of pink silk, tied at the back in a large bow, the ends falling to the bottom of the skirt. With this gown is worn a wide brimmed hat of black straw trimmed with a high bow of pink satin surmounted by a jet fan. The whole costume is so charmingly pretty that I should commend it to your special notice if you are looking out for something suitable for a garden party or fête.

For smartness and utility combined, Miss Brough's gown in Act IV. will, I am sure, meet the views of the most critical. It is of grey vicuna, the skirt being untrimmed, with the exception of a piping of cream flannel, which is placed about six inches above the hem. The loose fronted coat has a short, rounded basque, with lapels of cream flannel and pipings of the same, and opens over a full vest of cream guipure over silk, finished off at the neck with a bow of cream silk. Miss Brough wears a very handsome and historic *châtelaine* with this gown,

and this is a detail which cannot be copied by all of you, I am afraid. She changes this dress in the same act for one which, to my thinking, is the smartest of them all. It is of cinnamon-coloured *crêpon*, the skirt trimmed with lines of narrow guipure and emerald green baby ribbon, each line terminating at the hem with a butterfly bow of green ribbon. The bodice is of emerald-green silk, most artistically draped with fine creamy lace, outlined with narrow gold lace, and finished off with a folded sash and rosettes of the silk. The collar is composed of alternate bands of gold and cream lace, and the sleeves, which particularly took my fancy, are wonderfully pretty and novel. A large puff of cinnamon *crêpon* reaches to the elbow, and is caught in with a deep frill of cream lace, the tight-fitting cuffs of green silk being edged with gold lace. That sleeve certainly deserves to be copied. The accompanying hat is of green straw, with a very wide brim, the crown covered with a profusion of pink, yellow, and crimson roses.

Miss Kingston's gowns in the same piece are well worth mentioning, though I have only been able to have one sketched for you. She first appears in a visiting dress of pink bengaline, the skirt edged with a ruche of black lisse. The bodice is entirely composed of the lisse, trimmed with insertion bands of black lace over pink silk, and the sleeves are arranged with five frills of pink bengaline edged with black lace. Her large hat is of burnt straw trimmed with a ruche of pink silk and raven's wings.

In Act II. Miss Kingston's gown is of brown corduroy, the Russian coat opening over a vest of heather-coloured chiffon. The skirt is trimmed in a very novel way with straps of ribbon and rosettes, and the hat is of brown straw trimmed with ribbon bows, and again with raven's wings, for which Miss Kingston seems to have a special fancy.

The gown for Act III., which I have had sketched for you, has a skirt of the palest grey *crêpon*, and sash and large sleeves of spotted brocade to match, the sash being fastened at the back with a large rosette of white chiffon, two long ends of the same material falling to the hem of the skirt. The bodice of grey lisse is crossed by three horizontal bands of white lace insertion, and a perfect finishing touch



MISS BROUGH IN ACT III. OF "A WOMAN'S REVENGE."

is given by a dainty little Mercury bonnet of gold embroidery, trimmed with gold wings, a large black velvet bow resting on the hair in front. Miss Kingston's last gown, which is very artistic and effective, is of black *crêpon*, with a draped pelerine lined with pale heliotrope silk, both skirt and pelerine being trimmed with bands of jet insertion over heliotrope silk. A full jabot of heliotrope chiffon and a tiny brown straw bonnet, trimmed with jet and white plumes, complete a very

[Continued on page 53.]

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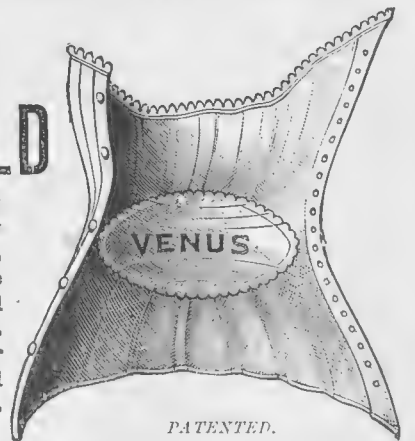
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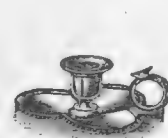
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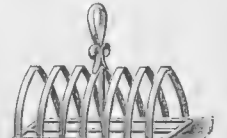
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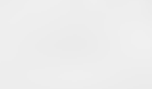
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tasteful costume. There, your journey by proxy is finished, and you can lean back in your chair with the knowledge that you have got all the information you could desire about these undeniably smart gowns.

There is one more thing, however, which I must tell you in connection with my visit to the Adelphi. I happened to catch sight of a friend who was sitting at no great distance from me, and I must



MISS BROUGH IN ACT IV. OF "A WOMAN'S REVENGE."

confess that, after that, most of my time in the intervals between the acts was taken up in admiring an extremely handsome and novel diamond ornament which she wore on her hair. Her prettily waved hair was parted in the centre and arranged in a knot at the back, and what caught my eye was a flashing diamond serpent, which was coiled round the hair at the back, and which then passed down the parting in front, the head resting on the centre of the forehead in Cleopatra fashion. I do not think that I have ever seen anything more striking, and before the piece was over I had waylaid my friend, and extracted every bit of information about that ornament from her not altogether unwilling lips. The ornament was called the "Cleopatra," and, after I had raved about the beauty and purity of the diamonds, I was laughingly informed that they were none other than Faulkner diamonds, and that, if I was so minded, I might treat myself for a very moderate sum to an exactly similar ornament if I called in at Mr. A. Faulkner's premises, 90, Regent Street. I expect that when I go there I shall run across some of you bent on a similar errand.

I am sure that I number several brides-elect among my readers, and they will, I am certain, be specially interested in a description of some of the exquisite household linen supplied to H.R.H. the Duke of York by Messrs. Robinson and Cleaver, the famous manufacturers of Belfast. There were, to begin with, some lovely hand-woven double damask tablecloths of various sizes, one design being a series of exquisite ferns intertwined with ivy and lilies-of-the-valley, having a bold centre-piece, forming a complete bank of foliage surrounded with lovely sprays of ivy, &c., this again being surrounded by a charming border, so placed as to be always seen upon the table, and not hidden, as is the case with damasks ordinarily supplied to the general public. In addition to this handsome woven border is an outer one, consisting of festoons of ferns and bouquets of ivy, &c., the weaver's wonderful skill being shown by the distinctness of the foliage, which appears to be raised from the fabric. Another set of table-cloths supplied has a pretty geometrical scroll, with bouquets of arum lilies, palms, &c., on a fine plain satin damask ground, forming the outside border; the inner border, which is arranged to show to advantage on the table, consisting of a striking band of geometrical design, several inches wide, with bunches of lilies, palms, &c., at each corner, in the form of a medallion. The innermost portion of the border is formed of the Greek key with ornamental scroll, the whole centre being filled with iridescent stars. In all cases full sets of napkins, slips, sideboard cloths, doyleys, &c., were supplied

to match the special designs of the tablecloths. As well as napkins *en suite*, a quantity of others were chosen, including some with a network scroll border, with the white rose, the bramble, and sprays of rosebuds. On a plain satin damask ground are bunches of wild roses and blackberries, while an inner border has a moss scroll with charming bramble foliage closely entwined, the centre-piece forming a circle of white roses and rosebuds, with centre of leaves and blackberries, all true to nature and botanically perfect. Of plainer articles a quantity of waiting napkins were made of an exquisitely fine diaper, manufactured for exhibition, and one of the finest ever woven by the hand of man. Among the towels supplied were a quantity of Messrs. Robinson and Cleaver's well-known grass-bleached, on which no chemicals are used in bleaching, as they simply whiten by the sun on the green grass of the Emerald Isle. All the articles comprised in the royal order with which this firm were honoured were marked with a design embodying the special badge of the White Rose of York.

If any of you, besides my correspondent "Verita," are still hesitating as to where you shall obtain the household linen for your new home, this information should certainly decide you. Surely you cannot do better than follow in the footsteps of royalty; and as to the prices, I can assure you that they need not frighten you, as they are marvellously moderate. If you are anxious to know whether the goods are durable, I can satisfy you on that point also, for a friend of mine, who started housekeeping fifteen years ago, and bought all her linen from Robinson and Cleaver, let me look over it all the other day, for your special benefit, and really it looked as good as new.

So "Verita," I hope you are satisfactorily answered, and I also trust that the information will be of use to some of my other friends who are about to take upon themselves the duties of housewives. As I like everyone to have a share of my good advice, I can tell all and sundry of you that Messrs. Robinson and Cleaver's handkerchiefs are simply perfection, and I should really like you to send for a set of patterns and a price list, which will at the same time give you full information as to all their goods. Handkerchiefs are always an acceptable present, and Robinson and Cleaver put them up in the daintiest boxes specially for



MISS KINGSTON IN ACT III. OF "A WOMAN'S REVENGE."

this purpose. I can particularly recommend the "Royal Silver Flax" hemstitched handkerchiefs, of which a great specialty is made, for I have tested them myself by very hard wear, and have found that they actually improve by washing and never lose their transparent appearance, while they are so delightfully soft that it is quite a pleasure to use them. They range in price from 4s. 9d. to 12s. 3d., so no one can say that they are extravagant. I hope that you will confirm what I have said by seeing samples for yourself; then I am certain that you will bear me out when I say that both "Verita" and I have done you a good turn by drawing your attention to this particular firm.

FLORENCE.

RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

NOTES FROM THE EXCHANGE.

Mr. Matthew Dawson, who stands a good chance of leading back next year's Derby winner, is, I am glad to learn, now hale and hearty once more. "Old Matt," as his friends love to call him, has trained some winners of the Blue Riband in his day, but I really do believe he would derive more pleasure from winning with the *Illuminata* colt than he has ever on any occasion of being successful before. Lord Rosebery is a good patron of the stable—indeed, he is the only master Mr. Dawson has just now, although he is allowed to train horses for the present Lord Falmouth, and, if report speak truly, his Lordship may blossom into an owner before long, as he already goes in for the breeding of bloodstock. Matt Dawson has always been termed a careful man, and no wonder—he is a Scotchman. The Dawson family flourished in the neighbourhood of Gullane before migrating to the south, when the four brothers all met with the greatest success as trainers.

With Goodwood over, we shall soon be thinking of the Autumn Handicaps, and already several horses have been booked in the Continental lists both for the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire, while double events are as plentiful as peas. It is surprising how often the public find the winners of the two races named. Mr. Parr Wilson won a big double event last year, while the year before Joe Thompson's book was terribly upset by the number of doubles that were brought off, including, strange to say, one for £5000 accepted by Mr. Sydney Fry, the amateur billiard-player and son of the leviathan bookmaker, Mr. R. H. Fry. I fancy even Mr. Joe Thompson must by this time admit that when English backers plank the money down in monkeys they generally know something.

The Stewards' Cup at Goodwood fell an easy prey to Mr. Milner's Medora, and no one, I am certain, is more pleased at the success of the daughter of Bend Or than J. Day, who is entrusted with the arduous task of preparing Mr. Milner's horses for their engagements. Four years ago Alec Taylor was succeeded by Golding, then Grey had charge of the bearers of the "all scarlet," but not for long, however, and the stud was then divided between Peace, of Lambourne, and Day. The last-named has now the entire stud under his care. He was at one time head lad to Matthew Dawson.

Thanks chiefly to the brilliant achievements of Isinglass, the now defunct Isonomy holds a very high place in the list of winning sires. John Porter, who trained Isonomy, thinks that the horse is entitled to be classified under the heading "Horses of the Century," and the victories of the horse in the Manchester Cup, Gold Vase, Ascot Cup (twice), Goodwood Cup, Brighton Cup, Great Ebor Handicap, Doncaster Cup, and Cambridge certainly warrant the famous Kingsclere trainer making such an assertion. His nearest attendants in the winning sires' list are St. Simon and Hampton, and whereas Isonomy has never previously been at the top of the tree, both St. Simon and Hampton have carried off the highest honours; but the palm must certainly be awarded to the Duke of Portland's representative, whose stock in three successive years, 1890-92, won no fewer than ninety-nine races, which represented a total value of £115,654. The amounts credited to St. Simons last year was £55,995, the next best on record being Hermit's £44,608 in 1882.

If rumour does not lie, the question of retaining jockeys is to be thoroughly threshed out by the Stewards of the Jockey Club. Twice this season an appeal has had to be made to the powers that be. First there was the case of John Watts and the Duke of Portland, and then came the squabble as to which horse Tom Loates should ride at Gatwick. The competition for the services of the fashionable riders is becoming more year by year, and retaining fees are reaching enormous proportions.

Regret was expressed at Goodwood at the enforced absence of Sir John Blundell Maple. Of late years Sir John has rarely, if ever, missed an important racing carnival, and it is a stroke of ill-luck that, just as the Falmouth House horses are regaining their best form, Sir John's illness necessitates the pen being put through their names. Unlike many owners, Sir John can always distinguish his own thoroughbreds, no matter how crowded the paddock may be. He has a favourite habit of meeting his horses after they have won, and presenting them with pieces of sugar. In 1888 his winnings were only £768 15s.; last year they reached the tall sum of £17,161—a total which was only exceeded by the £33,383 credited to Baron de Hirsch.

When Isinglass asserted his superiority over Ravensbury, Raeburn, and his other opponents in the Derby, many thought that the St. Leger was spoiled. Such, however, is not likely to be the case, and the great classic event on Doncaster Moor is going to be brimful of interest. Ravensbury is having a special preparation, and should he atone for past disappointments no one would begrudge Mr. Rose his success, although sorry, at the same time, that Isinglass should just miss winning the "triple crown." Medicis is to run in the Deauville Cup; he appears to possess an undeniable chance in that contest, and a victory would bring him into greater prominence for the Doncaster race. The Jew—the hope of Ireland—has, unfortunately, met with a mishap; but while penning these lines I hear that Mr. Linde does not despair of seeing his colt sport silk on Sept. 6.

"All is not Gold that Glitters."

DEAR SIR,—

Capel Court, July 29, 1893.

The week through which we have passed has been an eventful one—at least, in disaster. You ask us in your last letter why we do not mention names, or give you particulars of the various rumours to which we have alluded, and perhaps it is right, dear Sir, that we should explain to you our feeling upon the subject. We never have in any of our correspondence with yourself or our other clients given currency to stories affecting the credit of individuals or institutions, because we consider that such a course would be most improper and most unfair to the persons with whose names rumour is for the moment making free. Half the lamentable failures from which the City has suffered during the last three years have been brought about by the circulation of rumours affecting people's credit, and by the reckless way in which names have been bandied about in papers of no mean standing, and we must respectfully refuse to follow such an example.

The disastrous failure of Messrs. Sutton and Co. in the early part of the week disorganised the markets, and was followed by the practical suspension of a nobleman not unconnected with the noble house of Tollemache. In the former case it is currently reported that the differences amount to £100,000, and that the fall in Mozambique shares was due to this firm having something like 30,000 of them open. In the latter case various estimates are placed on the liabilities, some putting them as low as £400,000, and others as high as £800,000. We understand that it is most likely a private arrangement will be made, and that a considerable portion of the income settled on the nobleman's wife will be devoted to the payment of creditors.

A glance at the following list of the prices of a few active stocks upon the last three making-up days will show you the extraordinary extent of the slump in values which has taken place, and which has not even yet ceased:—

	June 27.	July 11.	July 26.
Brighton A	157½	154½	150
South-Eastern Deferred ...	82½	79½	71
Canadian Pacific	78½	75½	72
Louisville	67½	64½	52½
Lake Shores	127	123	118
Central Argentine	64	57	57½
Mexican First Preference...	70	62½	55½
Argentine Funding	71½	67	61½
Chilian Five per Cents ...	93	88	83

We have not mentioned or taken account of things which have had an extraordinary fall, like Erie second mortgage, and which cannot be in any way considered typical of the present situation. Nor have we considered the position of the non-dividend paying stocks. Every one of the securities named we have recommended at various times to clients, and they may even now be considered as in almost every case sound. Certainly they are quite representative stocks, upon which the majority of people have been in the habit of borrowing from their bankers and others, and upon which it has hitherto been easy to get money. You can, therefore, imagine the uncomfortable position of both borrowers and lenders when such a rapid fall comes on the top of two or three years' steady depreciation, and when it is followed within twenty-four hours of the last account day by a further decline, which, if continued, promises to be as heavy, if not heavier, than in either of the preceding accounts. No wonder many men cannot find money to keep the margin required, and still less wonder that the lenders, whether banks or private individuals, have in many cases made the position worse by indiscriminate selling to realise their securities.

The Trustees, Executors, and Securities Insurance Company must, no doubt, take some steps to secure its position, which roughly is that it has a debenture debt of £500,000, and loans from its bankers and others of £400,000 upon security. Its assets consist of Winchester House, of the approximate value of £300,000, securities valued at £1,300,000 in January last, and an uncalled capital of £1,400,000. The key to the position is the nature and value of the items comprised in the term "securities," which consist in many cases of unsaleable, and in some cases hopeless, stocks. The largest item in the list is certainly Mexican Southern Railway debentures, which are secured by Mexican Government Silver bonds, and are undoubtedly of considerable value. The amount of Murrieta debentures is under one-tenth of the whole of the securities, and these were valued at 10s. in the pound. Owing to the form of the debentures, it is impossible to do this by means of a call, unless sufficient is realised to pay off the debentures as well as the loans. Herein lies the difficulty, because it requires a call of £2 10s. per share to pay the debentures before anything is available for the loans, and to meet the position in this way £4 a share would be necessary. Many expedients have been suggested to avoid the necessity for so heavy a drain upon the shareholders, and, despite the official contradiction, we still believe that the only alternative will be an issue of second debentures, which, if taken up by the shareholders to the extent of about £2 a share, would relieve them from the much heavier payment in the form of a call.

Before any such issue would be subscribed, there is no doubt that the directors must make a full and complete disclosure of the assets and the position of the guarantees, and we fear it is the necessity for this disclosure which has stood and still stands in the way of carrying out the necessary and desirable reorganisation.

We are, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

S. Simon, Esq.

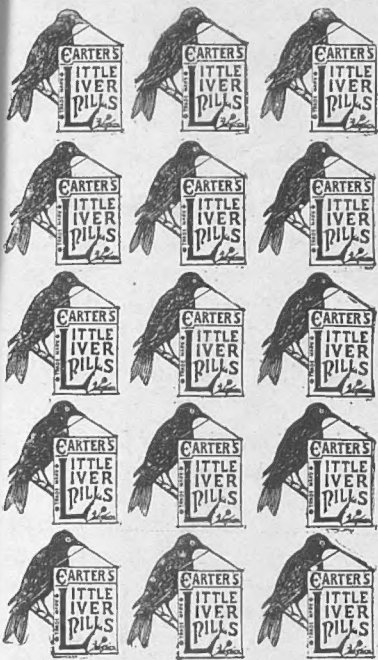
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